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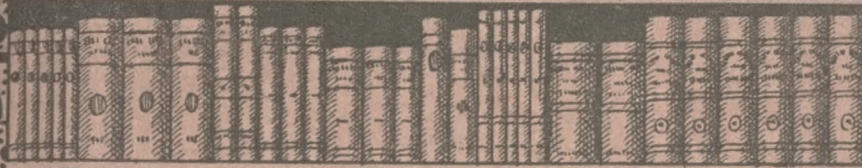
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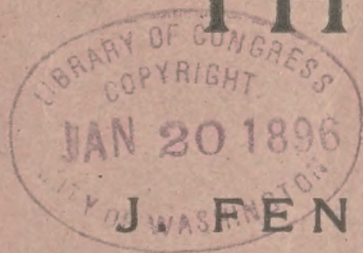
STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES



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THE PILOT



BY

J. FENIMORE COOPER

CONDENSED FOR USE IN SCHOOLS
WITH INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES



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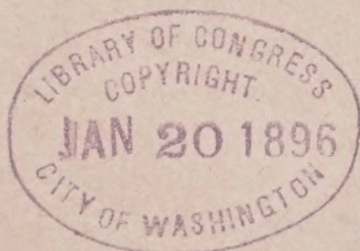
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INTRODUCTION.

“THE PILOT,” published in 1823, reveals Cooper’s intimate knowledge of nautical affairs. His six years’ service as midshipman brought to him a wealth of experience, which he here turns to good account. The plot of “The Pilot” is more complex than that of his other works, and the character sketches are done with a free, bold hand, particularly that of John Paul Jones.

The opening of the novel touches upon the impressment of seamen in the time of the American Revolution. It was by means of this enforced service that England manned her fleets, and later it became one of the causes of the war with America, in 1812.

It should be remembered that the hero’s name was John Paul; but, owing to family troubles, he assumed the name of Jones. He was born July 6, 1747, at Kirkbean, Scotland. At the age of twelve he became an apprentice to a merchant in the American trade. Later he was engaged as chief mate on a vessel carrying slaves from Africa, but he became disgusted and left. At the breaking out of the Revolution he was living in Virginia. He was commissioned by Congress, December 7, 1775, and appointed senior lieutenant on the *Alfred*. As commander of the *Ranger* he sailed to France, bearing the news of Burgoyne’s surrender. The most noted vessel that he commanded was the *Bon Homme Richard*, which captured the British ship *Serapis* in a fight the most desperate in naval chronicles. Congress gave him a vote of thanks for his “zeal, prudence, and intrepidity.” He died in Paris, July 17, 1792.

John Paul Jones brought to the flag on the sea the same glory that crowned the efforts of Washington, and the bold sailor must ever be kept in loving remembrance.

The spirit of renewed Americanism will turn to the works of Cooper, who was a genuine American, with increased interest; for he depicts the labors of those who fought, bled, and died that America might be numbered among the nations of the earth.

The many nautical terms necessary in a work of this character are explained in a glossary to be found in the back of the book.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789, the year which witnessed the inauguration of Washington as President. Cooper's boyhood was spent at Cooperstown, New York, a village founded by his father in 1786. After studying three years at Yale, he entered the navy as midshipman, returning after a service of six years. His knowledge of the sea was put to good use in many of the stories he afterward wrote.

"The Spy," his first popular novel, appeared in 1821. It leaped at once into popular favor, and was republished in Europe in many translations. This story, as well as "The Pioneers," published the next year, was thoroughly American, and Cooper from this time occupied as his own the field of wild life in America.

His novels were full of romantic interest, and showed the public that American scenery and life furnished as good a foundation for fiction as the castles of Europe. "The Last of the Mohicans" (1826) is one of the best of the remarkable group of stories called The Leatherstocking Tales. Cooper was a genuine American, and to him more than any other author is due the increasing attention to home subjects and heroes.

Half of Cooper's better works were devoted to the sea, the most successful being "The Pilot" (1823) and "The Red Rover" (1827).

"The Pathfinder" appeared in 1840, "The Deerslayer" in 1841, and "Afloat and Ashore" in 1844. His "Naval History of the United States" is a series of biographies of naval officers. His last book, "The Ways of the Hour," attacked the system of trial by jury somewhat after the style adopted later in Charles Reade's works.

In estimating Cooper's genius, we must remember he was a pioneer in novel writing. He won high praise from such critical authorities as Bryant and Prescott. He surpassed in the description of Indian life and the narration of maritime adventures.

His style is dramatic, pure, and scholarly.

THE PILOT.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSORTS.

SOON after the events of the Revolution had involved the kingdoms of France and Spain, and the republic of Holland, in our quarrel, a group of laborers was collected in a field that lay exposed to the winds of the ocean, on the northeastern coast of England. These men were lightening their toil, and cheering the gloom of a day in December, by uttering their crude opinions on the political aspects of the times. The fact that England was engaged in a war with some of her dependencies on the other side of the Atlantic, had long been known to them; but now that nations with whom she had been used to battle were armed against her in the quarrel, the din of war had disturbed the quiet even of these secluded and illiterate¹ rustics.

To the utter amazement of every individual present, a small vessel was seen moving slowly round a point of land that formed one of the sides of the little bay, of which the field the laborers were in composed the other. There was something very peculiar in the externals of this unusual visitor, which added in no small degree to the surprise created by her appearance in that retired place.

The little schooner held her way among the rocks and sand-pits, making such slight deviations² in her course as proved her to be under the direction of one who knew his danger,

¹ uneducated.

² wanderings or variations.

until she had entered as far into the bay as prudence could at all justify, when her canvas was gathered into folds, and the vessel, after rolling for a few minutes on the long billows that hove in from the ocean, swung round in the currents of the tide and was held by her anchor.

A few dark hints were hazarded on the materiality¹ of her construction, for nothing of artificial formation, as it was urged, would be ventured by men in such a dangerous place, at a time when even the most inexperienced landsman was enabled to foretell the certain gale. The Scotchman had begun to express this sentiment warily and with reverence, when the child of Erin interrupted him by exclaiming :

“Faith, there’s two of them—a big and a little ! Sure the bogles² of the sea likes good company the same as any other Christians !”

“I should na wonder if she carried King George’s commission aboot her. Weel, weel, I wull journey upward to the town, and ha’ a crack wi’³ the good mon ; for they craft have a suspicious aspect, and the sma’ bit thing w’uld nab a mon quite easy, and the big ane w’uld hold us a’ and no feel we war’ in her.”

This sagacious warning caused a general movement in the party, for the intelligence of a hot press⁴ was among the rumors of the times. The husbandmen collected their implements of labor, and retired homeward ; and though many a curious eye was bent on the movements of the vessels from the distant hills, but very few of those not immediately interested in the mysterious visitors ventured to approach the little rocky cliffs that lined the bay.

The vessel that occasioned these cautious movements was a gallant ship, whose huge hull, lofty masts, and square yards loomed in the evening’s haze, above the sea, like a distant mountain rising from the deep. She carried but little sail,

¹ the vessel was real and not a spectral one.

² bogies, spectres.

³ a talk with.

⁴ press-gang, forcing men into military or naval service.

and though she warily avoided the near approach to the land that the schooner had attempted, the similarity of their movements was sufficiently apparent to warrant the conjecture¹ that they were employed on the same duty. The frigate floated across the entrance of the little bay, majestically in the tide, with barely enough motion through the water to govern her movements, until she arrived opposite the place where her consort lay.

A numerous crew manned the barge that was lowered from the frigate, which, after receiving an officer with an attendant youth, left the ship, and moved with a measured stroke of its oars directly toward the head of the bay. As it passed at a short distance from the schooner, a light whale-boat, pulled by four athletic men, shot from her side, and crossed her course with a wonderful velocity.

As the boats approached each other, the men, in obedience to signals from their officers, suspended their efforts, and for a few minutes they floated at rest, during which time there was the following dialogue :

“It’s close work, Mr. Griffith, when a man rides to a single anchor in a place like this, and at such a nightfall. What are the orders?”

“I shall pull into the surf and let go a grapnel;² you will take Mr. Merry into your whale-boat, and try to drive her through the breakers on the beach.”

“Beach!” retorted Barnstable; “do you call a perpendicular rock of a hundred feet in height a beach?”

“We shall not dispute about terms,” said Griffith, smiling, “but you must manage to get on the shore. We have seen the signal from the land, and know that the pilot, whom we have so long expected, is ready to come off.”

Barnstable shook his head with a grave air, as he muttered to himself: “This is droll navigation; first we run into an unfrequented bay that is full of rocks, and sand-pits, and

¹ belief, surmise.

² a small anchor with claws.

shoals, and then we get off our pilot. But how am I to know him?"

"Merry will give you the password, and tell you where to look for him. I would land myself, but my orders forbid it. If you meet with difficulties, show three oar-blades in a row, and I will pull in to your assistance. Three oars on end, and a pistol, will bring the fire of my muskets, and the signal repeated from the barge will draw a shot from the ship."

"I thank you, I thank you," said Barnstable, carelessly; "I believe I can fight my own battles against all the enemies we are likely to fall in with on this coast. But the old man is surely mad. I would——"

"You would obey his orders if he were here, and you will now please to obey mine," said Griffith, in a tone that the friendly expression of his eye contradicted. "Pull in, and keep a lookout for a small man in a drab pea-jacket. Merry will give you the word; if he answer it, bring him off to the barge."

The light vessel shot away from her companion; she was suddenly turned, and, dashing over broken waves, was run upon a spot where a landing could be effected in safety.

In the meantime, the barge followed these movements, and when the whale-boat was observed to be drawn up alongside of a rock, the promised grapnel was cast into the water, and her crew deliberately proceeded to get their firearms in a state for immediate service.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEST AND RETURN.

WHEN the whale-boat obtained the position we have described, the young lieutenant, who was usually addressed by the title of captain, stepped on the rocks, followed by the

youthful midshipman who had quitted the barge to aid in the hazardous¹ duty of their expedition.

“Come, gather your limbs together,” said Barnstable, “and try if you can walk on *terra firma*,² Master Coffin.”

Laying his hand on a projection of the rock above him, Barnstable swung himself forward, and following this movement with a desperate leap or two, he stood at once on the brow of the cliff. His cockswain very deliberately raised the midshipman after his officer, and soon placed himself by his side.

When they reached the level land that lay above the cliffs and began to inquire into the surrounding scenery, the adventurers discovered a cultivated country, divided in the usual manner by hedges and walls. Only one habitation for man, however, and that a small, dilapidated³ cottage, stood within a mile of them, most of the dwellings being placed as far as convenience would permit from the fogs and damps of the ocean.

“Here seems to be neither anything to apprehend, nor the object of our search,” said Barnstable, when he had taken the whole view in his survey; “I fear we have landed to no purpose, Mr. Merry. What say you, Long Tom; see you what we want?”

“I see no pilot, sir,” returned the cockswain.

Barnstable replied, “I see some one approaching behind the hedge. Look to your arms, Mr. Merry; the first thing we hear may be a shot.”

“Not from that cruiser,” cried the thoughtless lad; “he is a younker,⁴ like myself, and would hardly dare run down upon such a formidable⁵ force as we muster.”

“You say true, boy,” returned Barnstable, relinquishing the grasp he held on his pistol. “He comes on with caution, as if afraid. He is small, and is in drab, though I should

¹ dangerous.

³ partially ruined.

⁵ difficult to overcome.

² solid earth.

⁴ stripling.

hardly call it a pea-jacket—and yet he may be our man. Stand you both here, while I go and hail him.”

As Barnstable walked rapidly toward the hedge, the stranger stopped suddenly, and seemed to be in doubt whether to advance or retreat. Before he had decided on either, the active sailor was within a few feet of him.

“Pray, sir,” said Barnstable, “what water have we in this bay?”

The slight form of the stranger started at this question, and he shrunk aside involuntarily, as if to conceal his features, before he answered, in a voice that was barely audible :

“I should think it would be the water of the German Ocean.”

“Indeed! You must have passed no small part of your shore life in the study of geography, to be so well informed,” returned the lieutenant; “perhaps, sir, your cunning is also equal to telling me how long we shall sojourn together, if I make you a prisoner, in order to enjoy the benefit of your wit?”

“Barnstable! dear Barnstable! would you harm me?”

The sailor recoiled several feet at this unexpected appeal, and, rubbing his eyes, he threw his cap from his head, before he cried :

“What do I hear, and what do I see! There lies the *Ariel*, and yonder is the frigate. Can this be Katherine Plowden?”

His doubts, if any remained, were soon removed; for the stranger sank on the bank at her side, in an attitude in which female bashfulness was beautifully contrasted with her attire, and gave vent to her mirth in an uncontrollable burst of merriment.

From that moment, all thoughts of his duty, and the pilot, or even of the *Ariel*, appeared to be banished from the mind of the seaman, who sprang to her side, and joined in her mirth, though he hardly knew why or wherefore.

When the diverted girl had in some degree recovered her composure, she turned to her companion and said :

“ But this is not only silly, but cruel to others. I owe you an explanation of my unexpected appearance, and perhaps, also, of my extraordinary attire. You are not usually selfish, Barnstable ; would you have me forgetful of the happiness of others ? ”

“ Of whom do you speak ? ”

“ My poor, devoted cousin. I heard that two vessels answering the description of the frigate and the *Ariel* were seen hovering on the coast, and I determined at once to have a communication with you. I have followed your movements for a week, in this dress, but have been unsuccessful till now. To-day I observed you to approach nearer to the shore than usual, and happily, by being adventurous, I have been successful.”

“ Ay, God knows we are near enough to the land ! ”

“ I thought that if Griffith and you could learn our situation, you might be tempted to hazard a little to redeem us from our thralldom.¹ In this paper I have prepared such an account as will, I trust, excite all your chivalry,² and by which you may govern your movements.”

“ Our movements ! ” interrupted Barnstable. “ You will pilot us in person.”

“ Then there’s two of them ! ” said a hoarse voice near them.

The alarmed female shrieked as she recovered her feet, but she still adhered, with instinctive dependence, to the side of her lover. Barnstable, who recognized the tones of his cockswain, bent an angry brow on the sober visage that was peering at them above the hedge, and demanded the meaning of the interruption.

“ I showed you how to knot a reef-point, and pass a gasket,³ Captain Barnstable, nor do I believe you could even take two

¹ bondage.

² valor, courtesy.

³ a cord for binding or tying a sail.

half-hitches when you first came aboard of the *Spalmacitty*. These be things that a man is soon expert in, but it takes the time of his nat'ral life to larn to know the weather. There be streaked windfalls in the offing, that speak as plainly, to all that see them, and know God's language in the clouds, as ever you spoke through a trumpet, to shorten sail ; besides, sir, don't you hear the sea moaning, as if it knew the hour was at hand when it was to wake up from its sleep ?”

“ Ay, Tom,” returned his officer, walking to the edge of the cliffs, and throwing a seaman's glance at the gloomy ocean, “ 'tis a threatening night indeed ; but this pilot must be had, and——”

“ Is that the man ?” interrupted the cockswain, pointing toward a man who was standing not far from them, an attentive observer of their proceedings, at the same time that he was narrowly watched himself by the young midshipman. “ God send that he knows his trade well, for the bottom of a ship will need eyes to find its road out of this wild anchorage !”

“ That must indeed be the man,” exclaimed Barnstable, at once recalled to his duty. He then held a short dialogue with his female companion, whom he left concealed in the hedge, and proceeded to address the stranger. When near enough to be heard, the commander of the schooner demanded :

“ What water have you in this bay ?”

The stranger, who seemed to expect the question, answered without hesitation :

“ Enough to take all out in safety who have entered with confidence.”

“ You are the man I seek,” cried Barnstable ; “ are you ready to go off ?”

“ Both ready and willing,” returned the pilot, “ and there is need of haste. I would give the best hundred guineas that ever were coined for two hours' more use of the sun which has left us, or even half the time of this fading twilight.”

“ Think you our situation so bad ?” said the lieutenant.

“Follow this gentleman to the boat, then ; I will join you by the time you can descend the cliffs.”

The young officer retraced his steps impatiently toward his mistress, and the pilot drew the leathern belt of his pea-jacket mechanically around his body, as he followed the mid-shipman and the cockswain to their boat.

Barnstable found the disguised female who had announced herself as Katherine Plowden awaiting his return with intense anxiety depicted on every feature of her intelligent countenance.

As he felt the responsibility of his situation, the young man hastily drew an arm of the apparent boy, forgetful of her disguise, through his own, and led her forward.

“Come, Katherine,” he said, “the time urges to be prompt. ’Twould be madness to tempt your fate again. My vessel shall protect you till your cousin is redeemed ; and then, remember, I have a claim on you for life. You shall be commander of the *Ariel*.”

“I thank you, thank you, Barnstable, but distrust my abilities to fill such a station,” she said, laughing, though the color that again crossed her youthful features was like the glow of a summer’s sunset, and even her eyes seemed to reflect their tints. “Do not mistake me, saucy one. If I have done more than my sex will warrant, remember it was through a holy motive ; and if I have more than a woman’s enterprise, it must be to fit me for, and to keep me worthy of, being one day your wife.”

As she uttered these words, she turned and disappeared, with a rapidity that eluded¹ his attempt to detain her, behind an angle of the hedge that was near them.

Barnstable was about to pursue, when the air lighted with a sudden flash, and the bellowing report of a cannon rolled along the cliffs.

Notwithstanding the heavy and dangerous surf that was

¹ escaped.

beginning to tumble upon the rocks in an alarming manner, the startled seamen succeeded in urging their light boat over the waves, and in a few seconds were without the point where danger was most to be apprehended.

In a few seconds the barge and whale-boat were rolling by each other's side. The midshipman stepped lightly from the whale-boat to the barge, whither the pilot had already preceded him, and sank by the side of Griffith.

The boats were separating, and the splash of the oars was already heard, when the voice of the pilot was for the first time raised in earnest.

“Hold!” he cried; “hold water, I bid ye!”

The men ceased their efforts at the commanding tones of his voice, and, turning toward the whale-boat, he continued:

“You will get your schooner under way immediately, Captain Barnstable, and sweep into the offing with as little delay as possible. Keep the ship well open from the northern headland, and, as you pass us, come within hail.”

“This is a clean chart and plain sailing, Mr. Pilot,” returned Barnstable; “but who is to justify my moving without orders from Captain Munson? I have it in black and white, to run the *Ariel* into this feather-bed sort of a place, and I must at least have it by signal or word of mouth from my betters, before my cut-water curls another wave. The road may be as hard to find going out as it was coming in—and then I had daylight as well as your written directions to steer by.”

“Would you lie there to perish on such a night?” said the pilot, sternly. “Two hours hence, this heavy swell will break where your vessel now rides so quietly.”

“There we think exactly alike; but, if I get drowned now, I am drowned according to orders; whereas, if I knock a plank out of the schooner's bottom, by following your directions, 'twill be a hole to let in mutiny, as well as sea water. How do I know but the old man wants another pilot or two?”

“That's philosophy,” muttered the cockswain of the whale-

boat, in a voice that was audible; "but it's a hard strain on a man's conscience to hold on in such an anchorage!"

"Then keep your anchor down and follow it to the bottom," said the pilot to himself; "it's worse to contend with a fool than a gale of wind."

"No, no, sir; no fool, neither," interrupted Griffith. "Barnstable does not deserve that epithet, though he certainly carries the point of duty to the extreme. Heave up at once, Mr. Barnstable, and get out of this bay as fast as possible."

"Ah, you don't give that order with half the pleasure with which I shall execute it! Pull away, boys! The *Ariol* shall never lay her bones in such a hard bed, if I can help it."

As the commander of the schooner uttered these words with a cheering voice, his men spontaneously¹ shouted, and the whale-boat darted away from her companion, and was soon lost in the gloomy shadows cast from the cliffs.

In the meantime, the oarsmen of the barge were not idle, but by strenuous efforts they forced the heavy boat rapidly through the water, and in a few minutes she ran alongside of the frigate.

During this period, the pilot, in a voice which had lost all the startling fierceness and authority it had manifested in his short dialogue with Barnstable, requested Griffith to repeat to him slowly the names of the officers that belonged to the ship. When the young lieutenant had complied with his request, he observed to his companion:

"All good men and true, Mr. Pilot. Know you what water we draw?"

"'Tis a frigate's draught, and I shall endeavor to keep you in four fathoms; less than that would be dangerous."

"She's a sweet boat!" said Griffith, "and minds her helm as a marine watches the eye of his sergeant at a drill; but you must give her room in stays, for she fore-reaches, as if she would put out the wind's eye."

¹ of one's own accord.

The pilot attended with a practised ear to this description of the qualities of the ship that he was about to attempt to extricate¹ from an extremely dangerous situation. Not a syllable was lost on him ; and when Griffith ended, he remarked, with the singular coldness that pervaded his manner :

“ That is both a good and a bad quality in a narrow channel. I fear it will be the latter to-night, when we shall require to have the ship in leading-strings.”

He threw himself back on the cushions when he had said this ; Griffith smothered his feelings so far as to be silent, and they ascended the side of the vessel in apparent cordiality.

The frigate was already riding on lengthened seas, that rolled in from the ocean at each successive moment with increasing violence, though her topsails still hung supinely² from her yards ; the air being unable to shake the heavy canvas of which they were composed.

The only sounds that were audible, when Griffith and the pilot had ascended to the gangway of the frigate, were produced by the sullen dashing of the sea against the massive bows of the ship, and the shrill whistle of the boatswain's mate as he recalled the side-boys to do honor to the entrance of the first lieutenant and his companion.

Large groups of men were collected in the gangways, around the mainmast, and on the booms of the vessel, whose faces were distinctly visible, while numerous figures lying along the lower yards expressed by their attitude the interest they took in the arrival of the boat.

Though such crowds were collected in other parts of the vessel, the quarter-deck was occupied only by the officers, who were disposed according to their several ranks, and were equally silent and attentive as the remainder of the crew. In front stood a small collection of young men, who by their similarity of dress were equals and companions of Griffith, though his juniors in rank. On the opposite side was a larger assemblage

¹ set free.

² carelessly.

of youths, who claimed Mr. Merry as their fellow. Around the capstan three or four figures were standing, one of whom wore a coat of blue with the scarlet facings of a soldier, and another the black vestments of the ship's chaplain. Behind these, and nearer the passage to the cabin from which he had just ascended, stood the tall, erect form of the commander of the vessel.

After a brief salutation between Griffith and the junior officers, the former advanced, followed slowly by the pilot, to the place where he was expected by his veteran commander. The young man removed his hat entirely, as he bowed with a little more than his usual ceremony, and said :

“ We have succeeded, sir, though not without more difficulty and delay than we anticipated.”

“ But you have not brought off the pilot,” said the captain, “ and without him, all our risks and troubles have been in vain.”

“ He is here,” said Griffith, stepping aside and extending his arm toward the man that stood behind him, wrapped to the chin in his coarse pea-jacket, and his face shadowed by the falling rim of a large hat that had seen much and hard service.

“ This !” exclaimed the captain ; “ then there is a sad mistake ; this is not the man I would have seen, nor can another supply his place.”

“ I know not whom you expected, Captain Munson,” said the stranger, in a low, quiet voice ; “ but if you have not forgotten the day when a very different flag from that emblem of tyranny that now hangs over your taffrail was first spread to the wind, you may remember the hand that raised it.”

“ Bring here the light !” exclaimed the commander, hastily.

When the lantern was extended towards the pilot, and the glare fell strong upon his features, Captain Munson started, as he beheld the calm blue eye that met his gaze, and the composed but pallid countenance of the other. Involuntarily raising his hat and baring his silver locks, the veteran cried :

“It is he! though so changed——”

“That his enemies do not know him,” interrupted the pilot, quickly; then touching the other by the arm, as he led him aside, he continued in a lower tone, “Neither must his friends, until the proper hour shall arrive.”

CHAPTER III.

THE GALE AND THE RESCUE.

It has been already explained to the reader that there were threatening symptoms in the appearance of the weather to create serious forebodings of evil in the breast of a seaman.

The higher officers were collected around the capstan, engaged in earnest discourse about their situation and prospects, while some of the oldest and most favored seamen would extend their short walk to the hallowed precincts of the quarter-deck, to catch with greedy ears the opinions that fell from their superiors.

A loud laugh was created among the listeners, and it apparently produced the effect that was so long anxiously desired, by putting an end to the mysterious conference between the captain and the pilot. As the former came forward toward the expecting crew, he said, in the composed steady manner that formed the principal trait in his character:

“Get the anchor, Mr. Griffith, and make sail on the ship; the hour has arrived when we must be moving.”

The cheerful “Ay, ay, sir!” of the young lieutenant was hardly uttered, before the cries of half a dozen midshipmen were heard summoning the boatswain and his mates to their duty.

There was a general movement in the living masses that clustered around the mainmast, on the booms, and in the gangways, though their habits of discipline held the crew a

moment longer in suspense. The silence was first broken by the sound of the boatswain's whistle, followed by the hoarse cry of "All hands, up anchor, ahoy!"

The change produced by the customary summons was magical.

Human beings sprang out from between the guns, rushed up the hatches, threw themselves with careless activity from the booms, gathered from every quarter so rapidly, that in an instant the deck of the frigate was alive with men.

The captain and the pilot alone remained passive in this scene of general exertion; for apprehension had even stimulated that class of officers which is called "idlers" to unusual activity, though frequently reminded by their more experienced messmates that instead of aiding, they were retarding the duty of the vessel. The bustle, however, gradually ceased, and in a few minutes the same silence pervaded the ship as before.

"We are brought to, sir," said Griffith, who stood overlooking the scene, holding in one hand a short speaking-trumpet, and grasping with the other one of the shrouds of the ship.

"Heave round, sir," was the calm reply.

"Heave round!" repeated Griffith, aloud.

"Heave round!" echoed a dozen eager voices at once, and the lively strains of a fife struck up a brisk air to enliven the labor.

"Heave and pull!" cried Griffith; when the quivering notes of the whistle were again succeeded by a general stillness in the vessel.

"What is to be done now, sir?" continued the lieutenant; "shall we trip the anchor? There seems not a breath of air; and, as the tide runs slack, I doubt whether the sea does not heave the ship ashore."

"I leave all to the pilot," said the captain, after he had stood a short time by the side of Griffith, anxiously studying the heavens and the ocean. "What say you, Mr. Gray?"

“There is much to fear from this heavy ground-swell,” he said, “but there is certain destruction to us if the gale that is brewing in the east finds us waiting its fury in this wild anchorage.”

“You say no more, sir, than the youngest boy in the ship can see for himself,” said Griffith. “Ha! there comes the schooner!”

The dashing of the long sweeps in the water was now plainly audible, and the little *Ariel* was seen through the gloom, moving heavily under their feeble impulse. As she passed slowly under the stern of the frigate, the cheerful voice of Barnstable was first heard opening the communication between them.

“Here’s a night for spectacles, Captain Munson,” he cried, “but I thought I heard your fife, sir. I trust in God, you do not mean to ride it out here till morning?”

“Take your directions from the pilot, Mr. Barnstable,” returned his commanding officer, “and follow them strictly and to the letter.”

A death-like silence in both vessels succeeded this order; for all seemed to listen eagerly to catch the words that fell from the man on whom, even the boys now felt, depended their only hopes for safety.

“Your sweeps will soon be of no service to you,” he said, “against the sea that begins to heave in; but your light sails will help them to get you out. So long as you can head east-and-by-north, you are doing well, and you can stand on till you open the light from that northern headland, when you can heave-to and fire a gun; but if, as I dread, you are struck aback before you open the light, you must trust to your lead on the larboard tack; but beware, with your head to the southward, for no lead will serve you there.”

“I can walk over the same ground on one tack as on the other,” said Barnstable, “and make both legs of a length.”

“It will not do,” returned the pilot. “If you fall off a

point to starboard from east-and-by-north, in going large, you will find both rocks and points of shoals to bring you up; and beware, as I tell you, of the starboard tack."

"And how shall I find my way? You will let me trust to neither time, lead, nor log."

"You must trust to a quick eye and a ready hand. The breakers only will show you the dangers, when you are not able to make out the bearings of the land. Tack in season, sir, and don't spare the lead when you head to-port."

"Ay, ay," returned Barnstable, in a low, muttering voice. "This is a sort of blind navigation with a vengeance, and all for no purpose that I can see. Had I not better play jackal, and try and feel the way for you?"

"I thank you," said the pilot; "the offer is generous, but would avail us nothing. I have the advantage of knowing the ground well, and must trust to my memory and God's good favor. Make sail, make sail, sir; and, if you succeed, we will venture to break ground."

The order was promptly obeyed, and in a very short time the *Ariel* was covered with canvas.

Griffith had listened to the foregoing dialogue, like the rest of the junior officers, in profound silence; but when the *Ariel* began to grow indistinct to the eye, he cried:

"She slips off, like a vessel from the stocks! Shall I trip the anchor, sir, and follow?"

"We have no choice," replied the captain. "You hear the question, Mr. Gray? Shall we let go the bottom?"

"It must be done, Captain Munson; we may want more drift than the rest of this tide to get us to a place of safety," said the pilot. "I would give five years from a life that I know will be short, if the ship lay one mile farther seaward."

This remark was unheard by all except the commander of the frigate, who again walked aside with the pilot, where they resumed their mysterious communications. Griffith gave forth from his trumpet the command to "heave away!" Again

the strains of the fife were followed by the tread of men at the capstan.

“Ready the fore-royal!” cried a shrill voice, as if from the clouds. “Ready the fore-yard!” uttered the hoarser tones of a seaman beneath him. “All ready aft, sir!” cried a third, from another quarter; and in a few moments the order was given to “let fall.”

The little light which fell from the sky was now excluded by the falling canvas, and a deeper gloom was cast athwart the decks of the ship, that served to render the brilliancy of the lanterns even vivid, while it gave to objects out-board a more appalling and dreary appearance than before.

Every individual, except the commander and his associate, was now earnestly engaged in getting the ship under way. The sounds of “We’re away” were repeated by a burst from fifty voices, and the rapid evolutions of the capstan announced that nothing but the weight of the anchor was to be lifted.

For a few minutes the officers were not disappointed by the result, for the light duck on the loftier spars swelled outwardly, and the ship began sensibly to yield to their influence.

“She travels! she travels!” exclaimed Griffith, joyously. “Ah, the hussy! she has as much antipathy to the land as any fish that swims. It blows a little gale aloft yet.”

“We feel its dying breath,” said the pilot, in low, soothing tones, but in a manner so sudden as to startle Griffith, at whose elbow they were unexpectedly uttered. “Let us forget, young man, everything but the number of lives that depend this night on your exertions and my knowledge.”

“If you be half as able to exhibit the one, as I am willing to make the other, we shall do well,” returned the lieutenant, in the same tone. “Remember, whatever may be your feelings, that *we* are on the enemies’ coast, and love it not enough to wish to lay our bones there.”

With this brief explanation they separated, the vessel re-

quiring the constant and close attention of the officer to her movements.

The exultation produced in the crew by the progress of their ship through the water was of short duration.

The heavy rolling of the vessel caused an occasional expansion, and as sudden a reaction, in their sails, which left the oldest seaman in the ship in doubt which way the currents of air were passing, or whether there existed any that were not created by the flapping of their own canvas. The head of the ship, however, began to fall off from the sea, and, notwithstanding the darkness, it soon became apparent that she was driving in, bodily, toward the shore.

“Lose not a moment, Mr. Griffith,” cried the pilot, aloud; “clew up and furl everything but your three topsails, and let them be double-reefed. Now is the time to fulfil your promise.”

The young man paused one moment, in astonishment, as the clear, distinct tones of the stranger struck his ears so unexpectedly; but, turning his eyes to seaward, he sprang on the deck, and proceeded to obey the order as if life and death depended on his despatch.

The pilot alone in that busy throng, where voice rose above voice, and cry echoed cry, in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly awaiting the result.

“The schooner has it,” cried Griffith; “Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment. God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!”

“His sails are easily handled,” the commander observed, “and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?”

The pilot turned and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question—like a man who not

only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.¹

“ ’Tis unnecessary,” he at length answered ; “ ’twould be certain destruction to be taken aback ; and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us.”

“ ’Tis difficult no longer,” cried Griffith ; “ for here it comes, and in right earnest.”

The rushing sounds of the wind were now, indeed, heard at hand ; and the words were hardly passed the lips of the young lieutenant, before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend. Not another minute elapsed before the ship was throwing the waters aside with a lively progress, and, obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow. The hurry and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale ; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced in that gallant frigate, as not to know that as yet they only felt the infant effects of the wind. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration, that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the wind as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows like the foam of a cataract.

“ It blows fresh,” cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety ; “ but it’s no more than a capful of wind, after all. Give us elbow-room and the right

¹ a sudden occasion.

canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht, in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" said the low voice of the stranger.

"She will do all that man, in reason, can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel don't float the ocean that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone, against a heavy sea. Help her with her courses, pilot, and you shall see her come round like a dancing-master."

"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned the man who was called Mr. Gray, with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

It was evident to every one that the ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves; and as she was approaching with such velocity the quarter of the bay where shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard calling to the pilot.

"Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

Although the question was asked aloud, and the interest it excited drew many of the officers and men around him in eager impatience for his answer, it was unheeded by the man to whom it was addressed.

"Captain Munson desires to know whether you wish a cast of the lead?" said Griffith, with a little impatience of manner. No immediate answer was made to this repetition of the question, and Griffith laid his hand unceremoniously on the shoulder of the other, with an intent to rouse him before he made another application for a reply; but the convulsive start of the pilot held him silent in amazement.

"Fall back there," said the lieutenant to his men, who were closing around them in a compact circle; "away with you to your stations, and see all clear for stays!" The dense mass of

heads dissolved, at this order, like the water of one of the waves commingling with the ocean, and the lieutenant and his companion were left to themselves.

“This is not a time for musing, Mr. Gray,” continued Griffith; “remember our compact, and look to your charge. Is it not time to put the vessel in stays? Of what are you dreaming?”

The pilot laid his hand on the extended arm of the lieutenant, and grasped it with a convulsive pressure, as he answered:

“’Tis a dream of reality. You are young, Mr. Griffith, nor am I past the noon of life; but, should you live fifty years longer, you can never see and experience what I have encountered in my little period of three-and-thirty years.”

A good deal astonished at this burst of feeling, so singular at such a moment, the young sailor was at loss for a reply; but, as his duty was uppermost in his thoughts, he still dwelt on the theme that most interested him.

“I hope much of your experience has been on this coast, for the ship travels lively,” he said, “and the daylight showed us so much to dread, that we do not feel over-valiant in the dark. How much longer shall we stand on, upon this tack?”

The pilot turned slowly from the side of the vessel, and walked toward the commander of the frigate, as he replied, in a tone that seemed deeply agitated by his melancholy reflections:

“You have your wish, then; much, very much, of my early life was passed on this dreaded coast. What to you is all darkness and gloom, to me is as light as if a noonday sun shone upon it. But tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish.”

Griffith gave the cheering order that called each man to his station to perform the desired evolution.¹ The helm was no sooner put a-lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against

¹ change and interchange of position.

the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air, as she looked boldly into the eye of the wind; and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air; and in a few moments the frigate again moved with stately progress through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

“Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith,” cried the pilot; “here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water.”

“I will take that office on myself,” said the captain; “pass a light into the weather mainchains.”

“Stand by your braces!” exclaimed the pilot, with startling quickness. “Heave away that lead!”

While deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman as he called, “By the mark seven,”¹ rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit.

“’Tis well,” returned the pilot, calmly; “try it again.”

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, “And a half five.”

¹ seven fathoms (forty-two feet).

“She shoals ! she shoals !” exclaimed Griffith ; “keep her a good full.”

“Ay, you must hold the vessel in command now,” said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call, “By the deep four,” was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot in issuing the necessary orders to execute this manœuvre.¹

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing master was heard shouting from the fore-castle :

“Breakers ! breakers, dead ahead !”

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried :

“Breakers on our lee bow !”

“We are in the bite of the shoals, Mr. Gray,” cried the commander. “She loses her way ; perhaps an anchor might hold her.”

“Clear away the best bower,” shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

“Hold on,” cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very heart of all who heard him ; “hold on everything.”

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded :

“Who is it that dares to countermand my orders ? Is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there ? If another word——”

“Peace, Mr. Griffith,” interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind,

¹ change of position.

and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern ; “yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray ; he alone can save us.”

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling :

“Then all is lost, indeed ; and among the rest the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast.”

There was, however, no time for reply ; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, and the head-yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel, with a retrograde ¹ movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive,² the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation.

He was young, impetuous, and proud—but he was generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and by his presence and example added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her headsails were shaken, her afteryards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had

¹ backward.

² reached without reasoning.

threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from among the dangerous shoals on which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on the shoals where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty.

“Now is the pinch,” said the pilot, “and if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but if otherwise, all we have done will be useless.”

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous¹ notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

“See you yon light on the southern headland?” returned the pilot; “you may know it from a star near it, by its sinking at times in the ocean. Now observe the hummock,² a

¹ foreshadowing ill.

² hillock.

little north of it, looking like a sea-fog in the horizon ; 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well ; but if not, we shall surely go to pieces.

“Gentlemen, we must be prompt,” earnestly exclaimed the pilot ; “we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind ; we want both jib and mainsail.”

“'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest,” observed the doubtful captain.

“It must be done,” returned the collected stranger ; “we perish without it. See, the light already touches the edge of the hummock. The sea casts to leeward.”

“It shall be done,” cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued ; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted to the blast.

“She feels it ! she springs her luff ! Observe,” cried the pilot, “the light opens from the hummock already. If she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear.”

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

“'Tis the jib, blown from the bolt-ropes,” said the commander of the frigate. “This is no time to spread light duck, but the mainsail may stand it yet.”

“The sail would laugh at a tornado,” returned the lieutenant ; “but the mast springs like a piece of steel.”

“Silence, all !” cried the pilot. “Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can !”

This warning effectually closed all discourse ; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting the result. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel,

and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard ; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping the spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting :

“Square away the yards !—in mainsail !”

A general burst from the crew echoed, “Square away the yards !” and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing about them like men recovering from a trance, when Griffith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, as he said :

“You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world cannot equal.”

The pressure of the hand was warmly returned by the unknown mariner, who replied :

“I am no stranger to the seas, and I may yet find my grave in them. But you, too, have deceived me ; you have acted nobly, young man.” Saying this, he walked away toward the commander.

Griffith gazed after him a moment in surprise ; but, as his duty required his attention, other thoughts soon engaged his mind. Not long after he sought the refreshment of his own cot.

CHAPTER IV.

KATHERINE PLOWDEN'S LETTER.

THE slumbers of Griffith continued till late on the following morning, when he was awakened by the report of a cannon issuing from the deck above him. He proceeded through the dark ward-room, up the narrow stairs that led him to the principal battery of the ship, and thence by another and broader flight of steps to the open deck. He cast his eyes upwards to examine the disposition of the things aloft, and then turned his attention to those who were on the deck of the frigate.

His commander stood patiently waiting the execution of his order by the *Ariel*, and at his side was placed the stranger who had so recently acted such a conspicuous part in the management of the ship. Griffith availed himself of daylight and his situation to examine the appearance of this singular being more closely than the darkness and confusion of the preceding night had allowed. He was a trifle below the middle size in stature, but his form was muscular and athletic, exhibiting the finest proportions of manly beauty. His face appeared rather characterized by melancholy and thought, than by that determined decision which he had so powerfully displayed in the moments of their most extreme danger; but Griffith well knew that it could also exhibit looks of the fiercest impatience. At present, it appeared to the curious youth, when compared to the glimpses he had caught by the lights of their lanterns, like the ocean at rest, contrasted with the waters around him. The eyes of the pilot rested on the deck, or, when they did wander, it was with uneasy and rapid glances. The large pea-jacket that concealed most of his other attire was as roughly made, and of materials as coarse, as that worn by the meanest seaman in the vessel;

and yet it did not escape the inquisitive gaze of the young lieutenant, that it was worn with an air of neatness and care that was altogether unusual to men of his profession. The examination of Griffith ended here, for the near approach of the *Ariel* attracted the attention of all on the deck of the frigate to the conversation that was about to pass between their respective commanders.

When Barnstable had entered his boat, a few strokes of the oars sent it dancing over the waves to the side of the ship. The usual ceremonials of reception were rigidly observed by Griffith and his juniors when Barnstable touched the deck.

The conversation between Barnstable and his superior soon ended; when the former, beckoning to Griffith, passed the wondering group who had collected around the capstan awaiting his leisure to greet him more cordially, and led the way to the ward-room with the freedom of one who felt himself no stranger. As this unsocial manner formed no part of the natural temper or ordinary deportment of the man, the remainder of the officers suffered their first lieutenant to follow him alone, believing that duty required that their interview should be private. Barnstable was determined that it should be so, at all events; for he seized the lamp from the mess-table, and entering the state-room of his friend, closed the door behind them and turned the key. When they were both within its narrow limits, pointing to the only chair the little apartment contained, the commander of the schooner threw himself carelessly on a sea chest; and, placing the lamp on the table, he opened the discourse as follows:

“What a night we had of it! Twenty times I thought I could see the sea breaking over you; and I had given you over as drowned men, or, what is worse, as men driven ashore, to be led to the prison-ships of these islanders, when I saw your lights. But, Griffith, I have a tale of a different kind—of Katherine——”

Griffith started from his chair involuntarily at the sound of

this name. Struggling to overcome an emotion which he appeared ashamed to betray even to the friend he most loved, the young man soon recovered himself so far as to resume his seat, when he asked gloomily :

“ Was she alone ? ”

“ She was ; but she left with me this paper, and this invaluable book, which is worth a library of all other works.”

The eye of Griffith rested vacantly on the treasure that the other valued so highly, but his hand seized eagerly the open letter which was laid on the table for his perusal. The reader will at once understand that it was in the handwriting of a female, and that it was the communication Barnstable had received from his betrothed on the cliffs. Its contents were as follows :

“ I have prepared a short statement of the situation of Cecilia Howard and myself.

“ By this time you must understand the character of Colonel Howard too well to expect he will ever consent to give his niece to a rebel. He has already sacrificed to his loyalty, as he calls it (but I whisper to Cecilia, 'tis treason), not only his native country, but no small part of his fortune also. In the frankness of my disposition I confessed to him, after the defeat of the mad attempt Griffith made to carry off Cecilia, in Carolina, that I had been foolish enough to enter into some weak promise to a brother officer who had accompanied the young sailor in his traitorous visits to the plantation. The colonel received the intelligence as such a guardian would hear that his ward was about to throw away thirty thousand dollars and herself on a traitor to his king and country. He called you a rebel ; that I was used to. He said you were a traitor ; that, in his vocabulary, amounts to the same thing. In short, he acted Colonel Howard in a rage. One short year will release me from his power, and leave me mistress of my own actions ; that is, if your fine promises are to be believed. I bore it all very well, being resolved to suffer anything but

martyrdom, rather than abandon Cecilia. She is not the ward of Colonel Howard, but his niece and his sole heir. He appears to think this gives him a right to tyrannize over her on all occasions.

“It seems that when the Howards lived on this island a hundred years ago, they dwelt in the county of Northumberland.¹ Hither, then, he brought us when political events, and his dread of becoming the uncle of a rebel, induced him to abandon America, as he says, forever. We have been here now three months. Latterly the papers have announced the arrival of the ship and your schooner in France; and from that moment as strict a watch has been kept over us as if we had meditated a renewal of the Carolina flight. The colonel, on his arrival here, hired an old building, that is part house, part abbey, part castle, and all prison.

“In this delightful dwelling there are many cages, that will secure more uneasy birds than we are. About a fortnight ago an alarm was given in a neighboring village which is situated on the shore, that two American vessels, answering your description, had been seen hovering along the coast; and, as the people in this quarter dream of nothing but that terrible fellow Paul Jones, it was said that he was on board one of them. But I believe that Colonel Howard suspects who you really are. He was very minute in his inquiries, I hear, and since then has established a sort of garrison in the house.

“I will describe both our prison and the garrison. The whole building is of stone, and not to be attempted with slight means. It has windings and turnings, both internally and externally, that would require more skill than I possess to make intelligible; but the rooms we inhabit are in the upper or third floor of a wing, that you may call a tower if you are in a romantic mood, but which, in truth, is nothing but a wing. You will know our rooms by the three smoky vanes that whiffle about

¹ a maritime county north of Humber River, northeast coast of England; chief city, Newcastle.

the pointed roof, and also by the windows in that story being occasionally open. Opposite to our windows, at the distance of half a mile, is a retired, unfrequented ruin, concealed in a great measure from observation by a wood and affording none of the best accommodations, it is true, but shelter in some of its vaults or apartments. I have prepared, according to the explanations you once gave me on this subject, a set of small signals, of differently colored silks, and a little dictionary of all the phrases that I could imagine as useful to refer to, properly numbered to correspond with the key and the flags, all of which I shall send you with this letter. You must prepare your own flags, and of course I retain mine, as well as a copy of the key and book. If opportunity should ever offer, we can have, at least, a pleasant discourse together ; you from the top of the old tower in the ruins, and I from the east window of my dressing-room ! But now for the garrison. In addition to the commandant, Colonel Howard, who retains all the fierceness of his former military profession, there is, as second in authority, that bane of Cecilia's happiness, Kit Dillon, with his long Savannah face, scornful eyes of black, and skin of the same color. This gentleman, you know, is a distant relative of the Howards, and wishes to be more nearly allied. He is poor, it is true ; but then, as the colonel daily remarks, he is a good and loyal subject and no rebel. The colonel has long desired to see this gentleman the husband of Cecilia, and since the news of your being on the coast, the siege has nearly amounted to a storm. The consequences are that my cousin at first kept her room, and then the colonel kept her there, and even now she is precluded from leaving the wing we inhabit. In addition to these two principal jailers, we have four men-servants, two black and two white ; and an officer and twenty soldiers from the neighboring town are billeted¹ on us, by particular desire, until the coast is declared free from pirates. Do not let my ill-humor urge you to anything rash ; remember your

¹ assigned for lodging.

life, remember our prison, remember your reputation, but do not forget your

“KATHERINE PLOWDEN.

“P. S. I had almost forgotten to tell you, that in the signal book you will find a more particular description of our prison, where it stands, and a drawing of the grounds, etc.”

When Griffith concluded this epistle, he returned it to the man to whom it was addressed, and fell back in his chair, in an attitude that denoted deep reflection.

“I knew she was there, or I should have accepted the command offered to me by our commissioners in Paris,” he at length uttered; “and I thought that some lucky chance might throw her in my way; but this is bringing her close indeed. This intelligence must be acted on, and that promptly. Poor girl, what does she not suffer in such a situation!”

After a short time spent in cool reflection, Griffith inquired of his friend the nature and circumstances of his interview with Katherine Plowden. Barnstable related it, briefly, as it occurred, in the manner already known to the reader.

“Then,” said Griffith, “Merry is the only one besides ourselves who knows of this meeting, and he will be too chary of the reputation of his kinswoman to mention it.”

“We must get them both off,” returned Barnstable, “and that, too, before the old man takes it into his wise head to leave the coast. Did you ever get a sight of his instructions, or does he keep silent?”

“As the grave. This is the first time we have left port that he has not conversed freely with me on the nature of the cruise; but not a syllable has been exchanged between us on the subject since we sailed from Brest.¹ There is a mystery about the pilot, and our connection with him, that I cannot fathom,” said Griffith. “But I hear the voice of Manual

¹ principal naval seaport of France, northwestern part.

calling for me ; we are wanted in the cabin. Remember, you do not leave the ship without seeing me again.”

“ No, no, my dear fellow ; from the public we must retire to another private consultation.”

The young men arose and proceeded together along the passage already described, to the gun-deck, where they entered, with the proper ceremonials, into the principal cabin of the frigate.

CHAPTER V.

THE PILOT MADE KNOWN TO GRIFFITH.

THE arrangements for the consultation were brief and simple. In taking their stations, however, a quiet but rigid observance was paid to the rights of seniority and rank. On the right of the captain was placed Griffith, as next in authority ; and opposite to him was seated the commander of the schooner. The officer of marines, who was included in the number, held the next situation in point of precedence ; the same order being observed at the bottom of the table, which was occupied by a hard-featured, square-built, athletic man, who held the office of sailing-master.

When order was restored, after the short interruption of taking their places, the officer who had required the advice of his inferiors, opened the business on which he demanded their opinions.

“ My instructions direct me, gentlemen,” he said, “ after making the coast of England, to run the land down——”

The hand of Griffith was elevated respectfully for silence, and the veteran paused with a look that inquired the reason of his interruption.

“ We are not alone,” said the lieutenant, glancing his eye toward the part of the cabin where the pilot stood, leaning on one of the guns, in an attitude of easy indulgence.

The captain dropped his voice to tones of cautious respect, as he replied :

“ ’Tis only Mr. Gray. His services will be necessary on the occasion, and therefore nothing need be concealed from him.”

Glances of surprise were exchanged among the young men ; but Griffith bowing in silent acquiescence¹ in the decision of his superior, the latter proceeded :

“ I was ordered to watch for certain signals from the head-land that we made, and was furnished with the best of charts, and such directions as enabled us to stand into the bay we entered last night. We have obtained a pilot, and one who has proved himself a skilful man ; such a one, gentlemen, as no officer need hesitate to rely on in any emergency, either on account of his integrity or his knowledge.”

The veteran paused, and turned his looks on the countenances of his listeners, as if to collect their sentiments on this important point. Receiving no other reply than the one conveyed by the silent inclinations of the heads of his hearers, the commander resumed his explanations, referring to an open paper in his hand.

“ It is known to you all, gentlemen, that the unfortunate question of retaliation² has been much agitated between the two governments, our own and that of the enemy. For this reason, and for certain political purposes, it has become an object of solicitude³ with our commissioners in Paris to obtain a few individuals of character from the enemy, who may be held as a check on their proceedings, while at the same time it brings the evils of war, from our own shores, home to those who caused it. An opportunity now offers to put this plan in execution, and I have collected you in order to consult on the means.”

After receiving the opinion of each of the officers in turn, beginning with Mr. Boltrope, the sailing-master, the captain, turning to Mr. Griffith, said :

¹ a silent assent.

² act of returning like for like.

³ anxiety.

“Mr. Griffith, we only wait your sentiments, when, by comparing opinions, we may decide on the most prudent course.”

The first lieutenant had been absorbed in thought during the discussion of the subject, and might have been on that account better prepared to give his opinion with effect. Pointing to the man who yet stood behind him, leaning on a gun, he commenced by asking :

“Is it your intention that that man shall accompany the party ?”

“It is.”

“And from him you expect the necessary information, sir, to guide your movements ?”

“You are altogether right.”

“If, sir, he has but a moiety¹ of the skill on the land that he possesses on the water, I will answer for his success,” returned the lieutenant, bowing slightly to the stranger, who received the compliment by a cold inclination of the head. “I must desire the indulgence of both Mr. Barnstable and Captain Manual,” he continued, “and claim the command as of right belonging to my rank.”

“It belongs naturally to the schooner,” exclaimed the impatient Barnstable.

“There may be enough for us all to do,” said Griffith. “I neither agree wholly with the one nor the other of these gentlemen. ’Tis said that, since our appearance on the coast, the dwellings of many of the gentry are guarded by small detachments of soldiers from the neighboring towns.”

“Who says it ?” asked the pilot, advancing among them with a suddenness that caused a general silence.

“I say it, sir,” returned the lieutenant, when the momentary surprise had passed away.

“Can you vouch for it ?”

“I can.”

“Name a house, or an individual, that is thus protected.”

¹ one of two equal parts.

Griffith gazed at the man who thus forgot himself in the midst of a consultation like the present, and, yielding to his native pride, hesitated to reply. But mindful of the declaration of his captain, and the recent services of the pilot, he at length said :

“ I know it to be the fact in the dwelling of a Colonel Howard who resides but a few leagues to the north of us.”

The stranger started at the name, and then, raising his eye keenly to the face of the young man, appeared to study his thoughts in his varying countenance. His lip slightly curled, and, as he dropped quietly back to his place at the gun, he said :

“ ’Tis more than probable you are right, sir ; and, if I might presume to advise Captain Munson, it would be to lay great weight on your opinion.”

Griffith turned to see if he could comprehend more meaning in the manner of the stranger than his words expressed ; but his face was again shaded by his hand, and his eyes were once more fixed on the chart with the same vacant abstraction¹ as before.

“ I have said, sir, that I agree wholly neither with Mr. Barnstable nor Captain Manual,” continued the lieutenant, after a short pause. “ The command of this party is mine, as the senior officer, and I must beg leave to claim it. I certainly do not think the preparation Captain Manual advises necessary, neither would I undertake the duty with as little caution as Mr. Barnstable proposes. If there are soldiers to be encountered, we should have soldiers to oppose them ; but as it must be sudden boat work, and regular evolutions must give place to a seaman’s bustle, a sea-officer should command. Is my request granted, Captain Munson ?”

The veteran replied without hesitation :

“ It is, sir ; it was my intention to offer you the service, and I rejoice to see you accept it so cheerfully.”

¹ absence of mind.

Griffith with difficulty concealed the satisfaction with which he listened to his commander, and a radiant smile illumined his pale features when he observed :

“With me, then, sir, let the responsibility rest. I request that Captain Manual, with twenty men, may be put under my orders, if that gentleman does not dislike the duty.” The marine bowed, and cast a glance of triumph at Barnstable. “I will take my own cutter with her tried crew, go on board the schooner, and, when the wind lulls, we will run in to the land, and then be governed by circumstances.”

The commander of the schooner threw back the triumphant look of the marine, and exclaimed in his joyous manner :

“’Tis a good plan, and done like a seaman, Mr. Griffith. Ay, ay, let the schooner be employed ; and if it be necessary you shall see her anchored in one of their duck-ponds, with her broadside to bear on the parlor windows of the best house in the island. But twenty marines ! they will cause a jam in my little craft.”

“Not a man less than twenty would be prudent,” returned Griffith. “More service may offer than that we seek.”

Barnstable well understood his allusion, but still he replied :

“Make it all seamen, and I will give you room for thirty. But these soldiers never know how to stow away their arms and legs, unless at a drill. One will take the room of two sailors. Why, sir, the chalk and rottenstone of the twenty soldiers will choke my hatches !”

“Give me the launch, Captain Munson,” exclaimed the indignant marine, “and we will follow Mr. Griffith in an open boat, rather than put Captain Barnstable to so much inconvenience.”

“No, no, Manual,” cried the other, extending his muscular arm across the table, with an open palm, to the soldier ; “you would all become so many Jonahs in uniform.”

As Griffith was retiring, he felt a hand laid lightly on his

shoulder, and, turning, perceived that he was detained by the pilot.

“Mr. Griffith,” he said, when they were quite alone with the commander of the frigate, “the occurrences of the last night should teach us confidence in each other ; without it we go on a dangerous and fruitless errand.”

“Is the hazard¹ equal ?” returned the youth. “I am known to all to be the man I seem, am in the service of my country, belong to a family and enjoy a name that is a pledge for my loyalty to the cause of America, and yet I trust myself on hostile ground in the midst of enemies, with a weak arm, and under circumstances where treachery would prove my ruin. Who and what is the man who thus enjoys your confidence, Captain Munson ? I ask the question less for myself than for the gallant men who will fearlessly follow wherever I lead.”

A shade of dark displeasure crossed the features of the stranger at one part of this speech, and at its close he sank into deep thought. The commander, however, replied :

“There is a show of reason in your question, Mr. Griffith, and yet you are not the man to be told that implicit obedience is what I have the right to expect. I have not your pretensions, sir, by birth or education, and yet Congress have not seen proper to overlook my years and services. I command the frigate——”

“Say no more,” said the pilot. “There is reason in his doubts, and they shall be appeased. I like the proud and fearless eye of the young man, and while he dreads the gibbet from my hands, I will show him how to repose a noble confidence. Read this, sir, and tell me if you distrust me now.”

While the stranger spoke he thrust his hand into the bosom of his dress and drew forth a parchment, decorated with ribbons and bearing a massive seal, which he opened and laid on the table before the youth. As he pointed with his finger impres-

¹ risk.

sively to different parts of the writing, his eye kindled with a look of unusual fire, and there was a faint tinge discernible on his pallid features when he spoke.

“See,” he said, “royalty itself does not hesitate to bear witness in my favor, and that is not a name to occasion dread to an American.”

Griffith gazed with wonder at the fair signature of the unfortunate Louis,¹ which graced the bottom of the parchment; but when his eye obeyed the signal of the stranger, and rested on the body of the instrument, he started back from the table, and fixing his animated eyes on the pilot, he cried, while a glow of fiery courage flitted across his countenance:

“Lead on! I’ll follow you to death!”

A smile of gratified exultation struggled around the lips of the stranger, who took the arm of the young man and led him into a state-room, leaving the commander of the frigate standing in his unmoved and quiet manner, a spectator of, but hardly an actor in, the scene.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXPEDITION STARTS.

ALTHOUGH the subject of the consultation remained a secret with those whose opinions were required, yet enough of the result leaked out among the subordinate officers to throw the whole crew into a state of eager excitement.

Captain Manual had his men paraded in the weather-gangway, and, after a short address, proceeded to make a most impartial division among the candidates for glory.

While this arrangement was taking place, and the crew of the frigate was in a state of excitement, Griffith ascended to the deck, his countenance flushed with a look of animation and gayety that had long been stranger to the face of the young

¹ Louis XV., king of France.

man. He was giving forth the few necessary orders to the seamen he was to take with him from the ship, when Barnstable again motioned him to follow, and led the way once more to the state-room.

“What think you of this expedition to the land?”

“That it means the rescuing the ladies, though it fail in making the prisoners we anticipate,” answered Griffith.

“But this pilot! You remember that he holds us by our necks, and can run us all up to the yardarm of some English ship whenever he chooses to open his throat at their threats or bribes.”

“It would have been better that he should have cast the ship ashore when he had her entangled in the shoals; it would have been our last thought to suspect him of treachery then,” returned Griffith. “I follow him with confidence, and must believe that we are safer with him than we should be without him.”

Barnstable, after reflecting a moment, started on his feet, and made the usual movements for departure.

“Whither?” asked Griffith, gently detaining his impatient friend.

“To old Moderate;¹ I have a proposal to make that may remove every difficulty.”

“Name it to me, then; I am in his counsel, and may save you the trouble and mortification² of a refusal.”

“How many of those gentry does he wish to line his cabin with?”

“The pilot has named no less than six, all men of rank and consideration with the enemy. Two of them are peers,³ two more belong to the Commons’ House of Parliament, one is a general, and the sixth, like ourselves, is a sailor, and holds the rank of captain. They muster at a hunting-seat near the coast, and, believe me, the scheme is not without plausibility.”⁴

¹ a nickname for Captain Munson.

² humiliation or vexation.

³ noblemen of especial dignity.

⁴ appearance of being right.

“Well, then, there are two apiece for us. You follow the pilot, if you will ; but let me sheer off for this dwelling of Colonel Howard, with my cockswain and boat’s crew. I will surprise the house, release the ladies, and, on my way back, lay my hands on two of the first lords I fall in with. I suppose, for our business, one is as good as another.”

Griffith could not repress a faint laugh, while he replied :

“Though they are said to be each other’s peers, there is, I believe, some difference even in the quality of lords. England might thank us for ridding her of some among them. No, no ; the men we seek must have something better than their nobility to recommend them to our favor. But let us examine more closely into this plan and map of Miss Plowden’s ; something may occur that shall yet bring the place within our circuit, like a contingent duty of the cruise.”

Barnstable reluctantly relinquished his own wild plan to the more sober judgment of his friend, and they passed an hour together, inquiring into the practicability, and consulting on the means, of making their public duty subserve the purposes of their private feelings.

The last lagger among the soldiers had appeared with his knapsack on his back, in the lee gangway where his comrades were collected, armed and accoutred¹ for the strife, when Captain Munson ascended to the quarter-deck, accompanied by the stranger and his first lieutenant. A word was spoken by the latter in a low voice to a midshipman, who skipped gayly along the deck, and presently the shrill call of the boatswain was heard, preceding the hoarse cry of—

“Away there, you tigers, away !”

A smart roll of the drum followed, and the marines paraded, while the six seamen who belonged to the cutter that owned so fierce a name made their preparations for lowering their little boat from the quarter of the frigate into the troubled sea.

At length it was announced that the cutter was ready to

¹ dressed, equipped.

receive the officers of the party. The pilot walked aside and held private discourse for a few moments with the commander, who listened to his sentences with marked and singular attention.

“Come, gentlemen, let us go,” said Griffith, starting from a reverie,¹ and bowing his hasty compliments to his brethren in arms.

When it appeared that his superiors were ready to enter the boat, the boy, who by nautical courtesy was styled Mr. Merry, sprang over the side of the frigate, and glided into the cutter, with the activity of a squirrel. But the captain of the marines paused, and cast a meaning glance at the pilot, whose place it was to precede him.

The stranger, as he lingered on the deck, was examining the aspect of the heavens, and seemed unconscious of the expectations of the soldier, who gave vent to his impatience, after a moment's detention, by saying :

“We wait for you, Mr. Gray.”

Aroused by the sound of his name, the pilot glanced his quick eye on the speaker, but, instead of advancing, he gently bent his body, as he again signed toward the gangway with his hand. To the astonishment not only of the soldier, but of all who witnessed this breach of naval etiquette,² Griffith bowed low, and entered the boat with the same promptitude as if he were preceding an admiral. The stranger immediately followed himself, leaving to the marine the post of honor. The latter, who was distinguished for his skill in all naval or military etiquette, thought proper to apologize, at a fitting time, to the first lieutenant, for suffering his senior officer to precede him into a boat, but never failed to show a becoming exultation, when he recounted the circumstance, by dwelling on the manner in which he had brought down the pride of the haughty pilot.

Barnstable had been several hours on board his little vessel,

¹ an irregular train of thought.

² forms required by good breeding.

which was every way prepared for their reception ; and, as soon as the heavy cutter of the frigate was hoisted on her deck, he announced that the schooner was ready to sail.

Griffith intimated to Barnstable, that, as the gale was sensibly abating, they would pursue the object of their destination.

The commander of the schooner issued the necessary orders to direct their movements. The little schooner slowly obeyed the impulse of her helm, and shot away from her consort like a meteor dancing across the waves. As the ship disappeared, the land seemed to issue out of the bosom of the deep ; and so rapid was their progress, that the dwellings of the gentry, the humbler cottages, and even the dim lines of the hedges became gradually more distinct to the eyes of the bold mariners.

The little *Ariel* held on her way, skimming the ocean like a water-fowl seeking its place of nightly rest, and shooting in toward the land as fearlessly as if the dangers of the preceding night were already forgotten.

CHAPTER VII.

A DINING-PARLOR AT ST. RUTH'S ABBEY, AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

THE large irregular building inhabited by Colonel Howard well deserved the name it had received from the pen of Katherine Plowden.

Leaving the gloomy shadows of the cliff, under which the little *Ariel* had been seen to steer, we shall endeavor to transport the reader to the dining-parlor of St. Ruth's Abbey, taking the evening of the same day as the time for introducing another collection of personages.

The room was not of very large dimensions, and every part was glittering with the collected light of half a dozen candles,

aided by the fierce rays that glanced from the grate, which held a most cheerful fire of sea-coal. The mouldings of the dark oak wainscoting threw back upon the massive table of mahogany streaks of strong light, which played among the rich fluids that were sparkling on the board in mimic halos.¹ The outline of this picture of comfort was formed by damask curtains of a deep red, and enormous chairs with leathern backs and cushioned seats, as if the apartment was hermetically² sealed against the world and its chilling cares.

Around the table, which stood in the centre of the floor, were seated three gentlemen, in the easy enjoyment of their daily repast.

At one end of the table an elderly man was seated, who performed whatever little acts of courtesy the duties of a host would appear to render necessary in a company where all seemed equally at their ease and at home. This gentleman was in the decline of life, though his erect carriage, quick movements, and steady hand equally denoted that it was an old age free from the usual infirmities. In dress he belonged to that class whose members always follow the fashions of the age anterior³ to the one in which they live. His countenance was strongly marked in features, if not in expression, exhibiting on the whole a look of noble integrity and high honor, which was a good deal aided in its effect by the lofty receding forehead, that rose like a monument above the whole, to record the character of the aged veteran.

Opposite to the host, who it will at once be understood was Colonel Howard, was the thin yellow visage of Mr. Christopher Dillon, that bane to the happiness of her cousin, already mentioned by Miss Plowden.

Between these two gentlemen was a middle-aged, hard-featured man, attired in the livery of King George.

A man in the dress of a rustic was standing near the chair of Colonel Howard, between whom and the master of the

¹ circles of light.

² so as to exclude air.

³ prior, before.

mansion a dialogue had been maintained, which closed as follows. The colonel was the first to speak :

“ Said you, farmer, that the Scotchman beheld the vessel with his own eyes ? ”

The answer was a simple negation.

“ Well, well,” continued the colonel, “ you can withdraw.”

The man made a rude attempt at a bow, which being returned by the old soldier with formal grace, he left the room. The host, turning to his companions, said : “ If those rash boys have persuaded the silly dotard ¹ who commands the frigate to trust himself within the shoals on the eve of such a gale as this, their case must have been hopeless indeed ! ”

“ It is by no means certain, sir, that the ship and schooner that the drover saw are the vessels you take them to have been,” said Mr. Dillon, in a harsh, drawling tone of voice. “ I should doubt their daring to venture so openly on the coast, and in the direct track of our vessels-of-war.”

“ These people are our countrymen, Christopher, though they are rebels,” exclaimed the colonel. “ They are a hardy and brave nation. When I had the honor to serve his Majesty, some twenty years since, it was my fortune to face the enemies of my king in a few small affairs, Captain Borroughcliffe ; such as the siege of Quebec,² and the battle before its gates, a trifling occasion at Ticonderoga,³ and that unfortunate catastrophe of General Braddock⁴—with a few others. I must say, sir, in favor of the Colonies, that they played a manful game on the latter day ; and this gentleman who now heads the rebels sustained a gallant name among us for his conduct in that disastrous business. He was a discreet, well-behaved young man, and quite a gentleman.”

“ Yes,” said the soldier, yawning, “ he was educated among his Majesty’s troops, and he could hardly be otherwise. But

¹ one in second childhood.

² capital of the province of Quebec, Canada ; scene of the closing battle of French and Indian war.

³ a fortified town, situated on an outlet of Lake George to Lake Champlain, N. Y.

⁴ leader in proposed attack upon Fort Duquesne, 1755.

here we three sit from morning to night, bachelors all, well-provisioned, I grant you, but like so many well-fed anchorites,¹ while two of the loveliest damsels in the island pine in solitude within a hundred feet of us, without tasting the homage of our sighs. This, I will maintain, is a reproach both to your character, Colonel Howard, as an old soldier, and to mine as a young one."

"You shall be admitted this very night, and this instant, Captain Borroughcliffe. We owe it, sir, to your services here, as well as in the field, and those froward girls shall be humored no longer. Nay, it is nearly two weeks since I have seen my ward myself; nor have I laid my eyes on my niece but twice in all that time. You will pardon my early absence from the table, captain."

"I beg it may not be mentioned," cried the soldier. "Make my *devoirs*² to the recluses, and say all that your own excellent wit shall suggest as an apology for my impatience."

Colonel Howard left the apartment, bowing low, and uttering a thousand excuses to his guest as he proceeded.

"Is fear so very powerful within these old walls," said the soldier, when the door closed behind their host, "that your ladies deem it necessary to conceal themselves before even an enemy is known to have landed?"

Dillon coldly replied :

"The name of Paul Jones is terrific to all on this coast, I believe; nor are the ladies of St. Ruth singular in their apprehensions."

"Ah! the pirate has bought himself a desperate name since the affair of Flamborough Head."³

He would have proceeded, but the door opened, and his orderly entered and announced that a sentinel had detained three men who were passing along the highway, near the abbey, and who by their dress appeared to be seamen.

¹ hermits.

² (*dev-wahr*) respects, compliments.

³ a headland on the eastern coast of England, four hundred and fifty feet high.

“ Well, let them pass,” cried the captain. “ What, have we nothing to do better than to stop passengers ! Give them of your canteens, and let the rascals pass.”

“ I beg your honor's pardon,” returned the sergeant ; “ but these men seemed lurking about the grounds for no good, and as they kept carefully aloof from the place where our sentinel was posted until to-night, Downing thought it looked suspiciously and detained them.”

“ Downing is a fool, and it may go hard with him for his officiousness. What have you done with the men ?”

“ I took them to the guard-room in the east wing, your honor.”

“ Then feed them, and hark ye, sirrah, liquor them well, that we hear no complaints, and let them go.”

“ Yes, sir, yes, your honor shall be obeyed ; but there is a straight, soldierly-looking fellow among them that I think might be persuaded to enlist if he were detained till morning. I doubt, sir, by his walk but he has served already.”

“ Ha ! what say you ?” cried the captain, pricking up his ears like a hound who heard a well-known cry ; “ served, think ye, already ? Give me your arm, sergeant, and lead the way to the east wing ; my eyesight is good for nothing in such a dark night. A soldier should always visit his guard before the tattoo¹ beats.”

CHAPTER VIII.

COLONEL HOWARD'S MESSAGE TO HIS NIECE, AND ITS INTERRUPTION.

THE western wing of St. Ruth house or abbey, as the building was indiscriminately² called, retained but few vestiges of the uses to which it had been originally devoted. The withdrawing-room was of fair dimensions, and an air of peculiar comfort

¹ beat of drum at night.

² without distinction.

mingled with chastened luxury was thrown around it by the voluminous folds of the blue damask curtains. A brisk fire of wood was burning on the hearth in compliment to the wilful prejudice of Miss Plowden, who had maintained in her most vivacious¹ manner that sea-coal was "only tolerable for blacksmiths and Englishmen." In addition to the cheerful blaze from the hearth, two waxen candles in candlesticks of massive silver were lending their aid to enliven the apartment. Divers small squares of silk, strongly contrasted to each other in color, lay on every side of her, and were changed, as she kneeled on the floor, by her nimble hands into as many different combinations, as if she was humoring the fancies of her sex, or consulting the shades of her own dark but rich complexion in the shop of a mercer.²

Another female figure, clad in virgin white, was reclining on the end of a distant couch. The seclusion in which they lived might have rendered this female a little careless of her appearance, or, what was more probable, the comb had been found unequal to its burden, for her tresses had burst from their confinement. The fallen lids and long silken lashes concealed the eyes that rested on the floor, as if their mistress mused in melancholy. There might have been a tinge of slight red in her cheeks, but it varied even as she mused in quiet, now seeming to steal insidiously³ over her glowing temples, and then leaving on her face an almost startling paleness.

"Oh, I'm an expert, as if I were a signal officer to the lord high admiral of this realm!" exclaimed the laughing female on the floor, clapping her hands together in girlish exultation. "I do so long, dear Cecilia, for an opportunity to exhibit my skill."

"The success of your mad excursion to the seaside, my dear Katherine, has bewildered your brain," returned Cecilia; "but I know not how to conquer your disease, unless we prescribe

¹ lively.

² dealer in silks and woollens.

³ wilyly.

salt water for the remedy, as in some other cases of madness."

"Ah, I am afraid your nostrum¹ would be useless!" cried Katherine; "it has failed to wash out the disorder from the sedate Mr. Richard Barnstable, who has had the regimen² administered to him through many a gale, but who continues as fair a candidate for Bedlam³ as ever. Would you think it, Cicely, the crazy one urged me, in the ten minutes' conversation we held together on the cliffs, to accept of his schooner as a shower-bath!"

"I think that your hardihood might encourage him to expect much, but surely he could not have been serious in such a proposal!"

"Oh, to do the wretch justice, he did say something of a chaplain to consecrate the measure, but there was boundless impudence in the thought! What a fine time he must have had of it in his little *Ariel* among the monstrous waves we saw tumbling in upon the shore to-day, coz! I do think the man cannot have a dry thread about him, from sun to sun. I will form half a dozen signals this instant, to joke at his moist condition, in very revenge."

"Katherine! Katherine! can you jest when there is so much to apprehend? Forget you what Alice Dunscombe told us of the gale this morning? And that she spoke of two vessels, a ship and a schooner, that had been seen venturing with fearful temerity,⁴ within the shoals, only six miles from the abbey?"

The thoughtless, laughing girl was recalled to her recollection by this remonstrance, and every trace of mirth vanished from her countenance, leaving a momentary death-like paleness crossing her face, as she clasped her hands before her, and fastened her keen eyes vacantly on the splendid pieces of

¹ quack medicine.

² course of living.

³ (corrupted form of Bethlehem) a reli-

gious house in London, afterward made an insane asylum.

⁴ rashness.

silk that now lay unheeded before her. At this critical moment the door of the room opened, and Colonel Howard entered the apartment with an air that displayed a droll mixture of strong indignation with a chivalric and habitual respect to the sex.

“I solicit your pardon, young ladies, for the interruption,” he said; “I trust, however, that an old man’s presence can never be entirely unexpected in the drawing-room of his wards.”

As he bowed, the colonel seated himself on the end of the couch, opposite to the place where his niece had been reclining; for Miss Howard had risen at his entrance, and continued standing until her uncle had comfortably disposed of himself. Throwing a glance which was not entirely free from self-condemnation around the comfortable apartment, the veteran proceeded in the same tone as before:

“You are not without the means of making any guest welcome, nor do I see the necessity of such constant seclusion from the eyes of the world as you thus rigidly practise.”

Cecilia looked timidly at her uncle, with surprise, before she returned answer to his remark.

“We certainly owe much to your kind attention, dear sir,” she at length uttered; “but is our retirement voluntary?”

“How can it be otherwise? Are you not mistress of this mansion, madam? Everything appears to my aged eye as if we ought not to be ashamed to receive our friends within these walls.”

“Open, then, the portals of the abbey, sir, and your niece will endeavor to do proper credit to the hospitality of its master.”

“That was spoken like Harry Howard’s daughter, frankly and generously,” cried the old soldier, insensibly edging himself nearer to his niece. “If my brother had devoted himself to the camp instead of the sea, Cecilia, he would have made one of the bravest and ablest generals in his Majesty’s service.

Poor Harry ! He might have been living at this moment, leading the victorious troops of his sovereign through the revolted Colonies in triumph. But he is gone, Cicely, and has left you behind him as his dear representative, to perpetuate¹ our family, and to possess what little has been left to us from the ravages of the times."

"Surely, dear sir," said Cecilia, taking his hand, which had unconsciously approached her person, and pressing it to her lips, "we have no cause to complain of our lot in respect to fortune, though it may cause us bitter regret that so few of us are left to enjoy it."

"No, no, no," said Katherine, in a low, hurried voice ; "Alice Dunscombe is and must be wrong ; Providence would never abandon brave men to so cruel a fate !"

"Alice Dunscombe is here to atone for her error, if she has fallen into one," said a quiet, subdued voice.

The surprise created by these sudden interruptions caused a total suspension of the discourse. Katherine Plowden, who had continued kneeling, arose, and as she looked about her in momentary confusion, the blood again mantled her face with the fresh and joyous springs of life. The other speaker advanced steadily into the middle of the room ; and after returning, with studied civility, the low bow of Colonel Howard, seated herself in silence on the opposite couch. The manner of her entrance, her reception, and her attire sufficiently denoted that the presence of this female was neither unusual nor unwelcome. She was dressed with marked simplicity, though with a studied neatness that more than compensated for the absence of ornaments. Her age might not have much exceeded thirty, but there was an adoption of customs in her attire that indicated she was not unwilling to be thought older.

Colonel Howard paused a moment, and then, turning to Katherine with an air that became stiff and constrained by attempting to seem extremely easy, he said :

¹ to preserve from extinction.

“You no sooner summon Miss Alice, but she appears, Miss Plowden—ready and (I am bold to say, Miss Alice) able to defend herself against all charges that her worst enemies can allege against her.”

“I have no charges to make against Miss Dunscombe,” said Katherine, pettishly, “nor do I wish to have dissensions created between me and my friends, even by Colonel Howard.”

“Colonel Howard will studiously avoid such offences in future,” said the veteran, bowing; and, turning stiffly to the others, he continued: “I was just conversing with my niece as you entered, Miss Alice, on the subject of her immuring¹ herself like one of the veriest nuns who ever inhabited these cloisters.² Miss Plowden, I feel it to be my duty to inquire why those pieces of silk are provided in such unusual abundance, and in so extraordinary a shape?”

“To make a gala-dress for the ball you are to give, sir,” said Katherine, with a saucy smile that was only checked by the reproachful glance of her cousin.

“I was observing, Miss Alice,” continued the colonel, “that although the times had certainly inflicted some loss on my estate, yet we were not so much reduced as to be unable to receive our friends in a manner that would disgrace the descendants of the ancient possessors of St. Ruth. Cecilia, here, my brother Harry’s daughter, is a young lady that any uncle might be proud to exhibit; and I would have her, madam, show your English dames that we rear no unworthy specimens of the parent stock on the other side of the Atlantic.”

“You have only to declare your pleasure, my good uncle,” said Miss Howard, “and it shall be executed.”

“Tell us how we can oblige you, sir,” continued Katherine, “and if it be in any manner that will relieve the tedium³ of this dull residence, I promise you at least one cheerful assistant to your scheme.”

¹ confining. ² places of seclusion for religious duties. ³ whatever wearies or disgusts one.

“You speak fair,” cried the colonel, “and like two discreet and worthy girls. Well, our first step shall be to send a message to Dillon and the captain, and invite them to attend your coffee. I see the hour approaches.”

Cecilia made no reply, but looked distressed, and dropped her mild eyes to the carpet; but Miss Plowden took it upon herself to answer.

“Nay, sir, that would be for them to proceed in the matter; as your proposal was that the first step should be ours, suppose we all adjourn to your part of the house, and do the honors of the tea-table in your drawing-room instead of our own? I understand, sir, that you have an apartment fitted up for that purpose in some style; a woman's taste might aid your designs, however.”

“Miss Plowden, I believe I intimated to you some time since,” said the displeased colonel, “that so long as certain suspicious vessels were known to hover on this coast, I should desire that you and Miss Howard would confine yourselves to this wing.”

“All measures adopted from a dread of a ship and schooner that ran within the Devil's Grip, yestereve, may be dispensed with now,” interrupted Miss Dunscombe, in a melancholy, reflecting tone. “There are few living who know the dangerous paths that can conduct even the smallest craft in safety from the land, with daylight and fair winds; but when darkness and adverse gales oppose them, their chance for safety lies wholly in God's kindness.”

“There is truly much reason to believe they are lost,” returned the colonel, in a voice in which no exultation was apparent.

“They are not lost!” exclaimed Katherine, with startling energy. “They are skilled and they are brave, and what gallant sailors can do will they do, and successfully; besides, in what behalf would a just Providence sooner exercise its merciful power, than to protect the daring children of an oppressed

country, while contending against tyranny and countless wrongs ?”

The conciliating ¹ disposition of the colonel deserted him as he listened. His own black eyes sparkled with a vividness unusual for his years, and his courtesy barely permitted the lady to conclude, ere he broke forth :

“ What sin, madam, what crime, would sooner call down the just wrath of Heaven on the transgressors, than the act of foul rebellion ?”

“ I know not that you have the authority for believing it to be the heavy enormity ² that you mention, Colonel Howard,” said Miss Dunscombe, anticipating the spirited reply of Katherine, and willing to avert it. “ It is, besides, a dangerous temptation, to one little practised in the great world, to find himself suddenly elevated to the seat of power ; and if it do not lead to the commission of great crimes, it surely prepares the way to it, by hardening the heart.”

“ I hear you patiently, Miss Alice,” said Katherine, dancing her little foot, in affected coolness ; “ for you neither know of whom or to whom you speak. But Colonel Howard has not that apology. Peace, Cecilia ; for I must speak. Believe them not, dear girl ; there is not a wet hair on their heads. For you, Colonel Howard, who must recollect that the sister’s son of the mothers of both your niece and myself is on board that frigate, there is an appearance of cruelty in using such language.”

“ I pity the boy, from my soul I pity him,” exclaimed the veteran ; “ he is a child, and has followed the current that is sweeping our unhappy Colonies down the tide of destruction. But there are others in that vessel who have no excuse of ignorance to offer. There is a son of my old acquaintance and the bosom friend of my brother Harry, Cecilia’s father, dashing Hugh Griffith as we called him. ’Tis such men as these, with Washington at their head, who maintain the bold front that this rebellion wears.”

¹ winning over.

² great crime.

“There are men who have never worn the servile livery of Britain, sir, whose names are as fondly cherished in America as any that she boasts of,” said Katherine, proudly; “ay, sir, and those who would gladly oppose the bravest officers in the British fleet.”

“I contend not against your misguided reason,” said Colonel Howard, rising with cool respect. “A young lady who ventures to compare rebels with gallant gentlemen engaged in their duty to their prince, cannot escape the imputation of possessing a misguided reason. No man—I speak not of women, who cannot be supposed so well versed in human nature—but no man, who has reached the time of life that entitles him to be called by that name, can consort with these disorganizers, who would destroy everything that is sacred; these levellers, who—
who——”

“Nay, sir, you are at a loss for opprobrious¹ epithets,” said Katherine, with provoking coolness; “call on Mr. Christopher Dillon for assistance; he waits your pleasure at the door.”

Colonel Howard turned in amazement, forgetting his angry declamations at this unexpected intelligence, and beheld in reality the sombre² visage of his kinsman, apparently as much surprised at finding himself in the presence of the ladies as they themselves could be at his unusual visit.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREE PRISONERS.

MISS HOWARD, rising from her seat, inquired:

“To what are we indebted for so unexpected a visit from Mr. Dillon? Surely he must know that we are prohibited going to the part of the dwelling where he resides, and I trust Colonel Howard will tell him that common justice requires we should be permitted to be private.”

¹ disgraceful, contemptible.

² gloomy.

The gentleman replied in a manner in which malignant¹ anger was sufficiently mingled with calculating humility :

“ Miss Howard will think better of my intrusion when she knows that I come on business of importance to her uncle. I bear a message from Captain Borroughcliffe. You may remember,” he continued, turning to the colonel, “ that according to your suggestions the sentinels were to be changed every night, sir. Well, sir, your prudent precautions have not been thrown away ; the consequences are that we have already made three prisoners.”

Mr. Dillon bowed with a deprecating humility, and having ascertained that Colonel Howard chose to give an audience where he was to the prisoners, he withdrew to execute his mission.

“ Listen,” said Katherine, in a voice which bespoke her deep anxiety ; “ they draw near.”

The long, low gallery, which was paved with a stone flagging, soon brought the footsteps of the approaching party more distinctly to their ears, and presently a low tap at the door announced their arrival. Colonel Howard arose, with the air of one who was to sustain the principal character in the ensuing interview, and bade them enter. Cecilia and Alice Dunscombe merely cast careless looks at the opening door, indifferent to the scene, but the quick eye of Katherine embraced at a glance every figure of the group. Drawing a long, quivering breath she fell back on the couch, and her eyes again lighted with their playful expression as she hummed a low, rapid air with a voice in which even the suppressed tones were liquid melody.

Dillon entered, preceding the soldier, whose gait had become more steady, and in whose rigid eye a thoughtful expression had taken the place of its former vacant gaze. The rest of the party continued in the gallery, while Mr. Dillon pre-

¹ malicious.

sented the renovated captain to the colonel, when the latter did him the same kind office with the ladies.

“Miss Plowden,” said the veteran, for she offered first in the circle, “this is my friend Captain Borroughcliffe; he has long been ambitious of this honor, and I have no doubt his reception will be such as to leave him no cause to repent he has been at last successful.

“This is Miss Alice Dunscombe, Captain Borroughcliffe, daughter of a very worthy clergyman who was formerly the curate of this parish, and a lady who does us the pleasure of giving us a good deal of her society, though far less than we all wish for.”

The captain returned the civil inclination of Alice, and the colonel proceeded :

“Miss Howard, allow me to present Captain Borroughcliffe, a gentleman who, having volunteered to defend St. Ruth in these critical times, merits all the favor of its mistress.”

Cecilia gracefully arose and received her guest with sweet complacency. The soldier made no reply to the customary compliments that she uttered, but stood an instant gazing at her speaking countenance, and then, laying his hand involuntarily on his breast, bowed nearly to his sword-hilt.

These formalities duly observed, the old colonel declared his readiness to receive the prisoners.

The three men who now entered the apartment appeared to be nothing daunted by the presence into which they were ushered, though clad in the coarse and weather-beaten vestments of seamen who had been exposed to recent and severe duty.

“I trust ye are all good and loyal subjects,” the veteran commenced, “but the times are such that even the most worthy characters become liable to suspicion. We have much reason to fear that a project is about to be undertaken on the coast by the enemy, who has appeared, we know, with a frigate and schooner; and the audacity of the rebels is only equalled

by their shameless and wicked disrespect for the rights of the sovereign."

While Colonel Howard was uttering his apologetic preamble the prisoners fastened their eyes on him with much interest; but when he alluded to the apprehended attack, the gaze of two of them became more keenly attentive, and before he concluded, they exchanged furtive¹ glances of deep meaning. No reply was made, however, and after a short pause, as if to allow time for his words to make a proper impression, the veteran continued :

"We have no evidence, I understand, that you are in the smallest degree connected with the enemies of this country; but as you have been found out of the king's highway, or, rather, on a by-path, it becomes no more than what self-preservation requires of us, to ask you a few such questions as, I trust, will be satisfactorily answered. To use your own nautical phrases, 'From whence came ye, pray?' and 'Whither are ye bound?'"

A low, deep voice replied :

"From Sunderland² last, and bound overland to Whitehaven."³

This simple and direct answer was hardly given before the attention of the listeners was called to Alice Dunscombe, who uttered a faint shriek, and rose from her seat involuntarily, while her eyes seemed to roll fearfully, and perhaps a little wildly, round the room.

"Are you ill, Miss Alice?" said the sweet, soothing tones of Cecilia Howard. "You are, indeed you are. Lean on me, that I may lead you to your apartment."

When they had gained the apartment, Katherine, after assisting her cousin to place Alice on her bed, returned to do the honors of the drawing-room.

¹ stealthy.

² a seaport in the northeast part of England, at the mouth of the Wear River.

³ a seaport in the northwest part of England, at the entrance to Solway Firth.

Colonel Howard ceased his examination of the prisoners at her entrance, to inquire with courtly solicitude after the invalid ; and when his questions were answered, he again proceeded as follows :

“ This is what the lads would call plain sailing, Borroughcliffe—that they are out of employment in Sunderland, and have acquaintances and relatives in Whitehaven, to whom they are going for assistance and labor. All very probable, and perfectly harmless.”

“ Nothing more so, my respectable host,” returned the jocund soldier ; “ but it seemeth a grievous misfortune that a trio of such flesh and blood should need work wherewithal to exercise their thews and sinews, while so many of the vessels of his Majesty’s fleet navigate the ocean in quest of the enemies of Old England.”

“ There is truth in that ; much truth in your remark,” cried the colonel. “ What say you, lads ; will you fight the Frenchmen and the Don¹—ay, and even my own rebellious and infatuated countrymen ? Here are five guineas apiece for you the moment you put foot on board the *Alacrity* cutter ; and that can easily be done, as she lies at anchor this very night only two short leagues to the south of this.”

Katherine Plowden, who hardly seemed to breathe, so close and intent was the interest with which she regarded the seamen, fancied she observed lurking smiles on their faces ; but if her conjecture was true, their disposition to be merry went no further, and the one who had spoken hitherto replied, in the same calm tone as before :

“ You will excuse us if we decline shipping in the cutter, sir ; we are used to distant voyages and large vessels, whereas the *Alacrity* is kept at coast duty, and is not of a size to lay herself alongside of a Don or a Frenchman with a double row of teeth.”

“ I feel,” said Borroughcliffe, “ it to be proper that I detain

¹ a name given to Spaniards.

these men till to-morrow morning, Colonel Howard ; and yet I would give them better quarters than the hard benches of the guard-room."

"Act your pleasure, Captain Borroughcliffe," returned the host, "so you do but your duty to our royal master. They shall not want cheer, and they can have a room over the servants' offices in the south side of the abbey."

"Three rooms, my colonel, three rooms must be provided, though I give up my own."

As this speech was uttered while the men were passing from the room, its effect on them was unnoticed ; but Katherine Plowden, who was left for a few moments by herself, sat and pondered over what she had seen and heard with a thoughtfulness of manner that was not usual to her gay and buoyant spirits. The sounds of the retiring footsteps, however, gradually grew fainter, and the return of her guardian alone recalled the recollection of the young lady to the duties of her situation.

While engaged in the little offices of the tea-table, Katherine threw many furtive glances at the veteran ; but, although he seemed to be musing, there was nothing austere or suspicious in his frank, open countenance.

"There is much useless trouble taken with these wandering seamen, sir," said Katherine, at length ; "it seems to be the particular province of Mr. Christopher Dillon to make all that come in contact with him excessively uncomfortable."

"You forget, Miss Katherine Plowden, that it is the pleasure of one of his Majesty's officers to detain these men."

"But I thought that the glorious British constitution, which you so often mention," interrupted the young lady, spiritedly, "gives liberty to all who touch these blessed shores ; you know, sir, that out of twenty blacks you brought with you, how few remain—the rest have fled on the wings of the spirit of British liberty."

"The blacks that you spoke of, they are a set of rebellious,

mutinous, ungrateful rascals, and if ever I meet one of them——”

The colonel had so far controlled his feelings as to leave the presence of the lady before he broke out into bitter invectives, and Katherine stood a minute, pressing her forefinger on her lips, listening to his voice as it grumbled along the gallery, until the sounds were finally excluded by the closing of a distant door. The wilful girl then shook her dark locks, and a smile of arch mischief blended with an expression of regret in her countenance, as she spoke to herself, while with hurried hands she threw her tea equipage aside in a confused pile :

“It was perhaps a cruel experiment, but it has succeeded. Though prisoners ourselves, we are at least free for the remainder of the night. These mysterious sailors must be examined more closely. If the proud eye of Edward Griffith was not glaring under the black wig of one of them, I am no judge of features. And where has Master Barnstable concealed his charming visage?—for neither of the others could be he. But now for Cecilia.”

CHAPTER X.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

By the time the three seamen were placed in as many different rooms, and a sentinel was stationed in the gallery common to them all, in such a manner as to keep an eye on his whole charge at once, the hour had run deep into the night. Captain Borroughcliffe obeyed a summons from the colonel, who made him an evasive apology for the change in their evening's amusement, and challenged his guest to a renewal of the attack on the Madeira. In the meantime, Mr. Dillon became invisible, though a servant, when questioned by the host on the subject, announced that he “believed Mr. Christopher had chosen to ride over to ——, to be in readiness to join the hunt

on the morning, with the dawn." While the gentlemen were indulging themselves in the dining-parlor, and laughing over the tales of other times and hard campaigns, two very different scenes occurred in other parts of the building.

When the quiet of the abbey was only interrupted by the howling of the wind, or by the loud and prolonged laughs from the joyous pair who were comfortably established by the side of the bottle, a door was gently opened on one of the galleries of the "cloisters," and Katherine Plowden issued from it, wrapped in a close mantle, and holding in her hand a chamber-lamp. She was, however, soon followed by two other female figures, clad in the same manner, and provided with similar lights. When all were in the gallery, Katherine drew the door softly to and proceeded in front to lead the way. She led them with light and quick steps along the gallery, until they reached the termination, where they descended to the basement floor by a flight of steps; and carefully opening a door, they emerged into the open air. They soon reached a large but rough addition to the buildings, into which they entered through a massive door that stood ajar as if to admit them.

"Chloe has been true to my orders," whispered Katherine, as they passed out of the chilling air; "now, if all the servants are asleep, our chance to escape unnoticed amounts to certainty."

They were now near their goal, and stopped to examine whether any or what difficulties were likely to be opposed to their further progress.

"Now, indeed, our case seems hopeless," whispered Katherine, as they stood concealed in darkness, in one end of an extremely long, narrow passage; "here is the sentinel in the building, instead of being, as I had supposed, under the windows; what is to be done now?"

"Let us return," whispered Cecilia; "my influence with my uncle is great, even though he seems unkind to us at

times. In the morning I will use it to persuade him to free them, on receiving their promise to abandon all such attempts in future."

"In the morning will be too late," returned Katherine; "I saw that demon, Kit Dillon, mount his horse, under the pretence of riding to the great hunt to-morrow, but I know his malicious eye too well to be deceived in his errand."

"Say no more," said Alice Dunscombe, with a singular emotion; "some lucky circumstance may aid us with this sentinel."

As she spoke she advanced and addressed the sentinel.

"Say you there are three? Are they men in years?"

"No, my lady, all good, serviceable lads, who couldn't do better than serve his Majesty, or, as it may prove, worse than to run away from their colors."

"But are their years and appearance similar? I ask, for I have a friend who has been guilty of some boyish tricks, and has tried the seas, I hear, among other foolish hazards."

"There is no boy here. In the far room on the left is a smart, soldier-looking chap, of about thirty, who the captain thinks has carried a musket before now; on him I am charged to keep a particular eye. Next to him is as pretty a looking youth as eyes could wish to see. In the room near you is a smaller, quiet little body, who might make a better preacher than a sailor or soldier either, he has such a gentle way with him."

Alice covered her eyes with her hand a moment, and then, recovering herself, proceeded:

"Gentleness may do more for the unfortunate men than fear. Here is a guinea: withdraw to the far end of the passage, where you can watch them as well as here, while we enter, and endeavor to make them confess who and what they really are."

The soldier took the money, and at length complied, as it was obviously true they could only escape by passing him,

near the flight of steps. When he was beyond hearing, Alice Dunscombe turned to her companions and addressed them :

“It would be idle to attempt to hide from you that I expect to meet the individual whose voice I must have heard in reality to-night, instead of only imaginary sounds, as I vainly if not wickedly supposed. But no one can witness the interview except our God.”

“Go, then,” said Katherine, secretly rejoicing at her determination, “while we inquire into the characters of the others.”

Alice Dunscombe turned the key ; and, gently opening the door, she desired her companions to tap for her, as they returned, and then instantly disappeared in the apartment.

Cecilia and her cousin proceeded to the next door, which they opened in silence, and entered cautiously into the room.

The ladies found the youthful sailor whom they sought, with his body rolled in the shaggy covering, extended at his length along the naked boards, and buried in a deep sleep. The moment had now arrived when the character of Cecilia Howard appeared to undergo an entire change. Now she advanced before Katherine, and, extending her lamp in such a manner as to throw the light across the face of the sleeper, she bent to examine his countenance with keen and anxious eyes.

“Am I right ?” whispered her cousin.

“May God, in his infinite compassion, pity and protect him !” murmured Cecilia, her whole frame involuntarily shuddering, as the conviction that she beheld Griffith flashed across her mind. “Yes, Katherine, it is he, and presumptuous madness has driven him here. But time presses ; he must be awakened, and his escape effected at every hazard.”

“Nay, then, delay no longer, but rouse him from his sleep.”

“Griffith, Edward Griffith,” said the soft tones of Cecilia, “Griffith, awake !”

“Your call is useless,” said Katherine, “but I have heard

it said that the smallest touch will generally cause one of them to stir."

"Griffith!" repeated Cecilia, laying her fair hand timidly on his own.

The flash of lightning is not more nimble than the leap that the young man made to his feet, which he no sooner gained, than his dirk gleamed in the light of the lamps, as he brandished it fiercely with one hand, while with the other he extended a pistol, in a menacing attitude, toward his disturbers.

"Stand back," he exclaimed; "I am your prisoner only as a corpse!"

"Edward, it is I, Cecilia Howard, come to save you from destruction; you are known through your ingenious disguise."

The pistol and the dirk fell together on the blanket of the young sailor, whose looks instantly lost their disturbed expression in a glow of pleasure.

"Fortune favors me," he cried. "This is kind, Cecilia; more than I deserve, and much more than I expected."

Griffith and Cecilia talked long and earnestly, when they were interrupted by Katherine, who exclaimed:

"Hark! are there not footsteps approaching along the gallery?"

They listened in breathless silence, and soon heard distinctly the approaching tread of more than one person. Voices were quite audible, and before they had time to consult on what was best to be done, the words of the speakers were distinctly heard at the door of their own apartment.

"Ay, he has a military air about him, Peters, that will make him a prize. Come, open the door."

"This is not his room, your honor," said the alarmed soldier; "he quarters in the last room in the gallery."

"How know you that, fellow? Come, produce the key, and open the way for me. I care not who sleeps here; there is no saying but I may enlist them all three."

A single moment of dreadful incertitude¹ succeeded, when the sentinel was heard saying, in reply to this peremptory² order :

“ I thought your honor wanted to see the one with the black stock,³ and so left the rest of the keys at the other end of the passage ; but——”

“ But nothing, you loon ! A sentinel should always carry his keys about him, like a jailer. Follow, then, and let me see the lad who dresses so well, to the right.”

As the heart of Katherine began to beat less violently, she said :

“ ’Tis Borroughcliffe, and too drunk to see that we have left the key in the door. But what is to be done ? We have but a moment for consultation.”

“ As the day dawns,” said Cecilia, quickly, “ I shall send here, under the pretence of conveying food, my own woman——”

“ There is no need of risking anything for my safety,” interrupted Griffith ; “ I hardly think we shall be detained, and, if we are, Barnstable is at hand with a force that would scatter these recruits to the four winds of heaven.”

“ Ah, that would lead to bloodshed and scenes of horror !” exclaimed Cecilia.

“ Listen,” cried Katherine ; “ they approach again.”

A man now stopped once more at the door, which was opened softly, and the face of the sentinel was thrust into the apartment.

“ Captain Borroughcliffe is on his rounds, and for fifty of your guineas I would not leave you here another minute.”

“ But one word more,” said Cecilia.

“ Not a syllable, my lady, for my life !” returned the man ; “ the lady in the next room waits for you, and, in mercy to a poor fellow, go back where you came from.”

The appeal was unanswerable, and they complied ; Cecilia saying, as they left the room :

¹ uncertainty.

² positive.

³ wide cravat.

“I shall send food in the morning, young man, and directions how to take the remedy necessary to your safety.”

In the passage they found Alice Dunscombe with her face concealed in her mantle, and it would seem, by the heavy sighs that escaped from her, deeply agitated by the interview which she had just encountered.

Alice Dunscombe did not find the second of the prisoners buried, like Griffith, in sleep. Her approach was, however, unheeded, until the light from her lamp glared across his eyes, when he started from his musing posture and advanced to meet her. He was the first to speak.

“I expected this visit,” he said, “when I found that you recognized my voice; and I felt the deep assurance in my breast that Alice Dunscombe would never betray me.”

“It was, then, no mysterious warning, no airy voice that mocked my ear, but a dread reality,” she at length said. “On what errand of fell mischief has your ruthless temper again urged you to embark?”

“This is strong and cruel language coming from you to me, Alice Dunscombe,” returned the stranger.

“There is much, perhaps, to be said in explanation, that you do not know. I left the country because I found in it nothing but oppression and injustice, and I could not invite you to become the bride of a wanderer, without either name or fortune. But I have now the opportunity of proving my truth.”

“You talk not like a man whose very life hangs but on a thread that the next minute may snap asunder. Whither would you lead me? Is it to the Tower¹ at London?”

“Think not I have weakly exposed my person without a sufficient protection,” returned the stranger.

“Then has the conjecture of Colonel Howard been true, and the manner in which the enemy’s vessels have passed the shoals is no longer a mystery. You have been their pilot!”

¹ a famous state prison.

“I have.”

“What! would ye pervert the knowledge gained in the springtime of your guileless youth to the foul purpose of bringing desolation to the doors of those you once knew and respected?”

The pilot turned quickly in his short walk; and, after reading her countenance with the expression of one who felt his security, he said in gentler tone:

“It is only to make the signal, to draw around me a force sufficient to scatter these dogs of soldiers to the four winds of heaven.”

“Have you calculated your power justly, John?” said Alice, unconsciously betraying her deep interest in his safety. “Have you reckoned the probability of Mr. Dillon’s arriving, accompanied by an armed band of horsemen, with the morning’s sun?”

“Dillon!” exclaimed the pilot, starting; “who is he, and on what suspicion does he seek addition to your guard?”

“Nay, John, look not at me as if you would know the secret of my heart. It was not I who prompted him to such a step; you cannot for a moment think I would betray you!”

“Fear not for me, Alice,” returned the pilot, proudly; “and yet I like not this movement, either. How call you his name—Dillon? Is he a minion¹ of King George?”

“He is, John, what you are not, a loyal subject of his sovereign lord the king, and a native of the revolted Colonies.”

“An American, and disloyal to the liberties of the human race! He had better not cross me; for, if my arm reach him, it shall hold him forth as a spectacle of treason to the world.”

“And has not the world enough of such a spectacle in yourself?” asked Alice.

A dark and fierce expression of angry resentment flashed from the eyes of the pilot, and even his iron frame seemed to shake with emotion, as he answered:

¹ a favorite.

“Call you this dastardly and selfish treason, aiming, as it does, to aggrandize a few at the expense of millions, a parallel case to the generous ardor that impels a man to fight in the defence of sacred liberty?”

The pilot smiled disdainfully, and, throwing open the rough exterior of his dress, he drew forth in succession several articles, while a glowing pride lighted his countenance, as he offered them singly to her notice.

“See, Alice,” he said; “this broad sheet of parchment is stamped with a seal of no mean importance, and it bears the royal name of the princely Louis also. And view this cross, decorated as it is with jewels, the gift of the same illustrious hand; it is not apt to be given to the children of infamy, neither is it wise or decorous to stigmatize¹ a man who has not been thought unworthy to consort with princes and nobles by the opprobrious name of the ‘Scotch pirate.’”

Alice Dunscombe cast a furtive and timid glance at the pilot, which spoke even stronger than her words, as she replied:

“I know not that all which is said of you and your deeds is true. I have often prayed, in bitterness and sorrow, that a tenth part of that which is laid to your charge may not be heaped on your devoted head at the great and final account.”

“Alice Dunscombe,” said the pilot, approaching her with solemn earnestness, “I have learned much this night, though I came not in quest of such knowledge. They call me pirate! If I have claim to the name, it was furnished more by the paltry outfit of my friends, than by any act toward my enemies!”

“And do not these recollections prompt you to return to your allegiance, to your prince and native land, John?” said Alice, in a subdued voice.

“Away with the silly thought!” interrupted the pilot, recalled to himself as if by a sudden conviction of the weakness

¹ to brand.

he had betrayed. "I have power to rescue myself and companions from this paltry confinement, and yet I would not have it done with violence, for your sake. Bring you the means of doing it in quiet?"

"When the morning arrives you will all be conducted to the apartment where we first met. This will be done at the solicitation of Miss Howard, under the plea of compassion and justice, and with the professed object of inquiring into your situations. Her request will not be refused; and while your guard is stationed at the door, you will be shown, by another entrance, through the private apartments of the wing, to a window whence you can easily leap to the ground, where a thicket is at hand; afterward, we shall trust your safety to your own discretion."

"And if this Dillon of whom you have spoken should suspect the truth, how will you answer to the law for aiding our escape?"

"They can but take my life, John; and that I am ready to lay down in your service."

"Alice!" exclaimed the softened pilot, "my kind, my gentle Alice!——"

The knock of the sentinel was heard at the door at this critical moment. Without waiting for a reply to his summons, the man entered the apartment, and in hurried language declared the urgent necessity that existed for the lady to retire. A few brief remonstrances were uttered by both Alice and the pilot, who wished to comprehend more clearly each other's intentions relative to the intended escape; but the fear of personal punishment rendered the soldier obdurate, and a dread of exposure induced the lady to comply. She arose, and was leaving the apartment with lingering steps, when the pilot, touching her hand, whispered to her impressively:

"Alice, we meet again before I leave this island forever?"

"We meet in the morning, John," she returned in the same tone of voice, "in the apartments of Miss Howard."

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN BORROUGHCLIFFE'S MISTAKE.

THE countenance of Captain Borroughcliffe, when the sentinel admitted him to the apartment he had selected, was in a state of doubtful illumination. "Comrade, I greet ye," said he, staggering to the side of the prisoner, where he seated himself with an entire absence of ceremony; "comrade, I greet ye. I have put a bottle of sparkling Madeira in my pocket with a couple of glasses, which we will discuss while we talk over more important matters. Thrust your hand into my right pocket; I have been used to dress to the front so long that it comes mighty awkward to me to make this backward motion, as if it were into a cartridge-box."

Manual, who had been at a loss how to construe the manner of the other, perceived at once a good deal of plain English in this request, and he dislodged one of Colonel Howard's dusty bottles with a dexterity that denoted the earnestness of his purpose.

"I like one of your musty-looking bottles, that is covered with dust and cobwebs, with a good southern tan on it," Borroughcliffe said. "Such liquor does not abide in the stomach, but gets into the heart at once and becomes blood in the beating of a pulse. But I knew you the instant I saw you. I have seen you before."

"We may have met before, as I have been much in service, and yet I know not where you could have seen me," said Manual. "Were you ever a prisoner of war?"

"Hum! not exactly such an unfortunate devil, but a sort of conventional non-combatant. You know not where I could have seen you? I have seen you on parade, in the field, in battle and out of battle, in camp, in barracks—in short, everywhere but in a drawing-room. No, no; I have never seen you before this night in a drawing-room."

Manual stared in a good deal of wonder and some uneasiness at these confident assertions which promised to put his life in no little jeopardy;¹ he made a heavy draught before he said :

“ You will swear to this—can you call me by name ? ”

“ Swear not ! ” said Borroughcliffe, with a solemn air ; “ for what mattereth an empty name ? Call thyself by what appellation thou wilt, I know thee. Soldier is written on thy martial front ; thy knee bendeth not ; nay, I even doubt if the rebellious member bow in prayer——”

“ Come, sir,” interrupted Manual, a little sternly ; “ no more of this trifling, but declare your will at once. Rebellious member, indeed ! These fellows will call the skies of America rebellious heavens shortly.”

“ You are a soldier and I am a soldier. That you are a soldier my orderly could tell, for the dog has both seen a campaign and smelt villainous saltpetre when compounded according to a wicked invention ; but it required the officer to detect the officer. Privates do not wear such linen as this, which seemeth to me an unreasonably cool attire for the season ; nor velvet stocks with silver buckles ; nor is there often the odorous flavor of sweet-scented pomatum to be discovered around their greasy locks. In short, thou art both soldier and officer.”

“ I confess it,” said Manual ; “ I hold the rank of captain, and shall expect the treatment of one.”

“ I think I have furnished you with wine fit for a general,” returned Borroughcliffe ; “ but have your own way. Now, it would be apparent to men, whose faculties had not been rendered clear by such cordials as this dwelling aboundeth with, that when officers journey through the island, clad in the uniform *incognitorum*,² which in your case means the marine corps, that something is in the wind of more than usual moment.”

¹ peril.

² of unknown persons.

By this time Manual had discovered that he was safe, and he returned to the conversation with a revival of ready wits, which had been strangely paralyzed by his previous disorder in the region of the throat.

“There is some stir, a good deal of foolish apprehension, and a great deal of idle curiosity, among certain of the tenants of this house, on your account. They fear the rebels, who, we all know, have not soldiers enough to do their work neatly at home, and who, of course, would never think of sending any here. You wish to be snug; I wish to serve a brother in distress. Through that window you must be supposed to fly—no matter how; while by following me you can pass the sentinel, and retire peaceably, like any other mortal, on your own two stout legs.”

This was a result that exceeded all that Manual had anticipated from their amicable but droll dialogue; and the hint was hardly given, before he threw on the garments that agitation had before rendered such incumbrances, and, in less time than we have taken to relate it, the marine was completely equipped for his departure. In the meantime, Captain Borroughcliffe raised himself to an extremely erect posture, which he maintained with the inflexibility of a rigid martinet.¹ When he found himself established on his feet, the soldier intimated to his prisoner that he was ready to proceed. The doorway was instantly opened by Manual, and together they entered the gallery.

“Who comes there?” cried the sentinel, with a vigilance and vigor that he intended should compensate for his previous neglect of duty.

“Walk straight, that he may see you,” said Borroughcliffe, with much philosophy.

“Who goes there?” repeated the sentinel, throwing his musket to a poise with a rattling that echoed along the naked walls.

¹ strict disciplinarian.

“Walk crooked,” added Borroughcliffe, “that if he fire he may miss.”

“We shall be shot at, with this folly,” muttered Manual. “We are friends, and your officer is one of us.”

“Stand, friends; advance, officer, and give the countersign,” cried the sentinel.

Manual made an eager step forward, when, recollecting himself, he turned and added :

“My assistants, the seamen; I can do nothing without them.”

“The keys are in the doors, ready for my admission,” said the Englishman; “turn them and bring out your forces.”

Quick as thought Manual was in the room of Griffith, to whom he communicated the situation of affairs, when he reappeared in the passage, and then proceeded on a similar errand to the room of the pilot, who arose and obeyed the instructions without asking a question. The captain now beckoned to Manual to advance and give the countersign.

“Loyalty,” whispered Manual, when he approached the sentinel. But the soldier had been allowed time to reflect, and, as he understood the situation of his officer, he hesitated to allow the prisoner to pass. After a moment’s pause, he said :

“Advance, friends.” At this summons the whole party moved to the point of his bayonet, when the man continued :

“The prisoners have the countersign, Captain Borroughcliffe, but I dare not let them pass.”

“Why not?” asked the captain; “am I not here, sirrah? Do you not know me?”

“Yes, sir, I know your honor and respect your honor; but I was posted here by my sergeant, and ordered not to let these men pass out on any account.”

Here the young sailor interrupted by exclaiming: “Follow me!” The sentinel was turning as Griffith spoke, when, springing forward, in an instant he wrenched the musket from his hands; a heavy blow with its butt felled the aston-

ished soldier to the floor ; then, poising his weapon, Griffith exclaimed :

“ Forward ! we can clear our own way now ! ”

“ On ! ” said the pilot, leaping lightly over the prostrate soldier, dagger gleaming in one hand, and a pistol presented in the other.

Manual was at his side in an instant, armed in a similar manner ; and the three rushed together from the building, without meeting any one to oppose their flight.

Boroughcliffe was utterly unable to follow ; he passed the remainder of the night in the heavy sleep of the bacchanalian,¹ and awoke the next morning only when aroused by the entrance of his servant. When the customary summons had induced the captain to unclothe his eyelids, he arose in his bed, and demanded of his man what occasioned the unusual noise in the courtyard.

“ ’Tis nothing but the party of dragoons from ——, who are wheeling into the courtyard, sir, where the colonel has gone to receive them. ”

Hastening to dress, the recruiting officer was soon prepared to meet newcomers, and he accordingly descended to the courtyard, as in duty bound, to receive them in proper person. Boroughcliffe encountered his host in earnest conversation with a young man in cavalry uniform, in the principal entrance of the abbey, and was greeted by the former with :

“ A good morning to you, my worthy guard and protector ! Here is good news for your royal ears. It seems that our prisoners are enemies to the king, in disguise. And, Cornet Fitzgerald, Captain Boroughcliffe of the ——th ; permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Fitzgerald of the ——th light dragoons. ” While the soldiers exchanged their salutations, the old man continued : “ The cornet has been kind enough to lead down a detachment of his troops to escort the rogues up to London, or some other place, where they will find enough good

¹ devoted to Bacchus, the god of wine,

and loyal officers to form a court-martial that can authorize their execution as spies. Christopher Dillon, my worthy kinsman Kit, saw their real characters at a glance ; while you and I, like two unsuspecting boys, thought the rascals would be fit men to serve the king. But Kit has an eye and a head that few enjoy like him, and I would that he might receive his dues at the English bar.”

“ What reason has Mr. Christopher Dillon to believe that the three seamen are more or less than they seem ? ” said Borroughcliffe.

“ I know not what ; but a good and sufficient reason, I will venture my life,” cried the colonel ; “ trust me, Kit has reasons, and in good time will he deliver them.”

“ I hope, then,” said the captain, carelessly, “ that it may be found that we have had a proper watch on our charge, Colonel Howard. I think you told me that the windows were too high for escape in that direction, for I had no sentinel outside of the building. Let us go and see the prisoners ; perhaps they may quietly enroll themselves under the banners of our sovereign, when all other interference, save that of wholesome discipline, will become unnecessary.”

They ascended the flight of stone steps which led to the upper apartments, where the prisoners were supposed to be confined. As the hours passed away, the period had come round when the man who had been present at the escape of Griffith and his friends was again posted to perform the duty of sentinel. As the soldier well knew the situation of his trust, he was coolly adjusted, with his back against the wall, endeavoring to compensate himself for his disturbed slumber during the night, when the sounds of the approaching footsteps warned him to assume the appearance of watchfulness.

“ Open here first, Mr. Sergeant ; this cage holds the man we most want,” said Dillon.

Boroughcliffe motioned to the sergeant to open the door, when the whole party entered the vacant room.

“Your prisoner has escaped,” cried the cornet, after a single moment employed in making sure of the fact.

“Never! It must not, shall not be!” cried Dillon, quivering with rage, as he glanced his eyes furiously around the apartment. “Here has been treachery and foul treason to the king!”

“By whom committed, Mr. Dillon?” said Borroughcliffe, knitting his brow, and speaking in a suppressed tone. “Dare you, or any man living, charge treason to the ——th?”

“Colonel Howard will understand the cause of my warm feelings when I tell him this very room contained last night that disgrace to his name and country, as well as traitor to his king, Edward Griffith, of the rebel navy.”

“What!” exclaimed the colonel, starting, “has that recreant youth dared to pollute the threshold of St. Ruth with his foot-step? But you dream, Kit; there would be too much hardihood in the act.”

“It appears not, sir,” returned the other; “for, though in this very apartment he most certainly was, he is here no longer. And yet from this window, though open, escape would seem to be impossible, even with much assistance.”

“If I thought that the contumelious¹ boy had dared to be guilty of such an act of gross impudence,” cried the colonel, “I should be tempted to resume my arms in my old age to punish his effrontery. What! is it not enough that he entered my dwelling in the Colony, availing himself of the distraction of the times, with an intent to rob me of my choicest jewel—ay, gentlemen, even my brother Harry’s daughter—but that he must also invade this hallowed island with a like purpose, thus thrusting his treason, as it were, into the presence of his abused prince! No, no, Kit, thy loyalty misleads thee; he has never dared to do the deed!”

“Listen, sir, and you shall be convinced,” returned the pliant Christopher. “I do not wonder at your unbelief; but

¹ insolent.

as a good testimony is the soul of justice, I cannot resist its influence. You know that two vessels, corresponding in appearance to the two rebel cruisers that annoyed us so much in the Carolinas, have been seen on the coast for several days, which induced us to beg the protection of Captain Borroughcliffe. Three men were found, the day succeeding that on which we hear that these vessels came within the shoals, stealing through the grounds of St. Ruth in sailors' attire. They were arrested, and in the voice of one of them, sir, I immediately detected that of the traitor Griffith. He was disguised, it is true, and cunningly so; but when a man has devoted his whole life to the business of investigating truth," he added with an air of much modesty, "it is difficult to palm any disguise on his senses."

"Well, sergeant," asked Borroughcliffe, "do you find the other two?"

"They are gone together, your honor," returned the orderly, who just then reëntered from an examination of the other apartments; "and, unless the Evil One helped them off, it's a mysterious business to me."

"Colonel Howard," said Borroughcliffe, gravely, "your precious south-side cordial must be banished from the board, regularly with the cloth, until I have my revenge; for satisfaction of this insult is mine to claim, and I seek it this instant. Go, Drill; detail a guard for the protection of the house, and feed the rest of your command, and we will take the field."

"Had I not better take hasty refreshment for my men and their horses," asked the cornet, "and then make a sweep for a few miles along the coast? It may be my luck to encounter the fugitives, or some part of their force."

"To me, Captain Borroughcliffe," said Colonel Howard, "belongs, of right, the duty of defending St. Ruth, and it shall be no boy's play to force my works. Come, let us to breakfast, and then Dillon shall mount and act as a guide to the horse along the difficult passes of the seashore."

“To breakfast, then, let it be,” cried the captain; “I distrust not my new commander of the fortress. We follow you, my worthy host.”

St. Ruth lay but a short two miles from the ocean, to which numerous roads led through the grounds of the abbey, which extended to the shore. Along one of these paths Dillon conducted his party, until, after a few minutes of hard riding, they approached the cliffs; when, posting his troopers under the cover of a little copse, the cornet rode in advance with his guide to the verge of the perpendicular rocks, whose bases were washed by the foam that still whitened the waters from the surges of the subsiding sea. The eyes of the horsemen were cast in vain over the immense expanse of water that was glistening brightly under the rays of the sun in quest of some object or distant sail that might confirm their suspicions or relieve their doubts. Dillon was withdrawing his eyes in disappointment from the vacant view, when, as they fell toward the shore, he beheld that which caused him to exclaim:

“There they go, and they will escape!”

The cornet looked in the direction of the other's finger, when he beheld, at a short distance from the land, a little boat that looked like a dark shell upon the water, rising and sinking amid the waves, as if the men it obviously contained were resting on their oars in idle expectation.

“'Tis they!” continued Dillon; “or, what is more probable, it is their boat waiting to convey them to their vessel.”

“And what is to be done? They cannot be made to feel horse where they are; nor would the muskets of the foot be of any use. A light three-pounder would do its work handsomely on them.”

After a moment of musing, Dillon replied:

“The runaways must be on the land; and by scouring the coast, and posting men at proper intervals, their retreat can easily be prevented. In the meantime I will ride under the whip to — Bay, where one of his Majesty's cutters lies at

anchor. It is but half an hour of hard riding, and I can be on board of her. The wind blows directly in her favor, and if we can once bring her down behind that headland, we shall infallibly cut off or sink these midnight depredators."

"Off, then!" cried the cornet, whose young blood was boiling for a skirmish; "you will at least drive them to the shore, where I can deal with them."

The words were hardly uttered before Dillon was out of sight.

The plain old seaman who commanded the cutter listened to his tale with cautious ears, and examined into the state of the weather, and other matters connected with his duty, with the slow and deliberate decision of one who had never done much to acquire confidence in himself, and who had been niggardly rewarded for the little he had actually performed.

As Dillon was urgent, however, and the day seemed propitious, he at length decided to act as he was desired, and the cutter was accordingly gotten under way.

A crew of something less than fifty men moved with no little of their commander's deliberation; but as the little vessel rounded the point behind which she was anchored, her guns were cleared, and the usual preparations were completed for immediate and actual service.

Dillon, sorely against his will, was compelled to continue on board, in order to point out the place where the unsuspecting boatmen were expected to be entrapped.

CHAPTER XII.

LONG TOM AND HIS STRANGE WEAPON.

THE feelings which had induced both Griffith and Barnstable to accompany the pilot with so much willingness were entirely personal. The short intercourse that he had maintained with his associates enabled the mysterious leader of

their party to understand the characters of his two principal officers so thoroughly, as to induce him, when he landed with the purpose of reconnoitring to ascertain whether the objects of his pursuit still held their determination to assemble at the appointed hour, to choose Griffith and Manual as his only associates ; leaving Barnstable in command of his own vessel, to await their return and to cover their retreat. It was the strong desire of Griffith to reconnoitre the abbey, which carried them a little out of their proper path, and led to the consequences that we have partly related.

The evening of that day was the time when the pilot intended to complete his enterprise, thinking to entrap his game while enjoying the festivities that usually succeeded their sports ; and an early hour in the morning was appointed when Barnstable should appear at the nearest point to the abbey, to take off his countrymen, in order that they might as little as possible be subjected to the gaze of their enemies by daylight. If they failed to arrive at the appointed time, his instructions were to return to his schooner, which lay snugly embayed in a secret and retired haven that but few ever approached by land or water.

While the young cornet still continued gazing at the whale-boat (for it was the party from the schooner that he saw), the hour expired for the appearance of Griffith and his companions ; and Barnstable reluctantly determined to comply with the letter of his instructions, and leave them to their own sagacity and skill to regain the *Ariel*. The boat had been suffered to ride in the edge of the surf since the appearance of the sun ; and the eyes of her crew were kept anxiously fixed on the cliffs, though in vain, to discover the signal that was to call them to the place of landing. After looking at his watch for the twentieth time, and as often casting glances of uneasy dissatisfaction toward the shore, the lieutenant exclaimed :

“ A charming prospect this, Master Coffin, but rather too

much poetry in it for your taste ; I believe you relish no land that is of a harder consistency than mud."

"I was born on the waters, sir," returned the cockswain, from his snug abode where he was bestowed with his usual economy of room, "and it's according to all things for a man to love his native soil."

The cockswain cast a cool glance at the crests of foam that were breaking over the tops of the billows, within a few yards of where their boat was riding, and calling aloud to his men :

"Pull a stroke or two ; away with her into dark water."

While this necessary movement was making, Barnstable arose and surveyed the cliffs with keen eyes, and then, turning once more in disappointment from his search, he said :

"Pull more from the land, and let her run down at an easy stroke to the schooner. Keep a lookout at the cliffs, boys ; it is possible that they are stowed in some of the holes in the rocks, for it's no daylight business they are on."

The order was promptly obeyed, and they glided along for nearly a mile in this manner, in the most profound silence.

"Here comes the English in chase !" exclaimed the strokesman of the boat.

"What mean you, fellow ?" cried Barnstable.

"Captain Barnstable can look for himself," returned the seaman, "and tell whether I speak truth."

The young sailor turned and saw the *Alacrity* bearing down before the wind with all her sails set, as she rounded a headland, but a short half league to the windward of the place where the boat lay.

"Pass that glass to me," said the captain, with steady composure. "This promises us work in two ways. If she be armed, it has become our turn to run ; if not, we are strong enough to carry her."

A very brief survey made the experienced officer acquainted with the true character of the vessel in sight, and, replacing the glass with much coolness, he said :

“That fellow shows long arms and ten teeth, besides King George’s pennant from his masthead. Now, my lads, you are to pull for your lives.”

The men well understood the manner and meaning of their commander, and, throwing aside their coats, they applied themselves in earnest to their task.

“Ah, there is much philosophy in that stroke, Long Tom!” cried the commander. “Keep it up, boys; and if we gain nothing else we shall at least gain time for deliberation. Come, Master Coffin, what think you?”

While Barnstable was speaking a column of white smoke was seen issuing from the bows of the cutter; and, as the report of a cannon was wafted to their ears, the shot was seen skipping from wave to wave, tossing the water in spray, and flying to a considerable distance beyond them. The cockswain, who scanned the range with an eye of more practice than the rest, observed: “That’s a lively piece for its metal, and it speaks with a good clear voice; but, if they hear it aboard the *Ariel*, the man who fired it will be sorry it wasn’t born dumb.”

“You are the prince of philosophers, Master Coffin,” cried Barnstable; “there is some hope in that. Let the Englishmen talk away, and, my life on it, the ‘Ariels’ don’t believe it is thunder. Hand me a musket; I’ll draw a shot.”

The piece was given to Barnstable, who discharged it several times, as if to taunt their enemies; and the scheme was completely successful. Goaded by the insults, the cutter discharged gun after gun at the little boat, throwing her shot frequently so as to wet her crew with the spray, but without injuring them in the least. The failure of these attempts of the enemy excited the mirth of the reckless seamen instead of creating alarm; and whenever a shot came nearer than common, the cockswain would utter some such expression as:

“A ground swell, a long shot, and a small object make a clean target;” or, “A man must squint straight to hit a boat.”

As the cutter was constantly gaining on the whale-boat, there was a prospect of a speedy termination of the chase, when the report of a cannon was thrown back like an echo from one of the Englishman's discharges, and Barnstable and his companions had the pleasure of seeing the *Ariel* stretching slowly out from the little bay where she had passed the night, with the smoke of defiance curling above her tapering masts.

In a few minutes the whale-boat reached the schooner, when the crew of the latter received their commander and his companions with shouts and cheers that rang across the waters and reached the ears of the disappointed spectators on the verge of the cliffs.

The joyful shouts and hearty cheers of the *Ariel's* crew continued for some time after her commander had reached her deck. Barnstable answered the congratulations of his officers by cordial shakes of the hand, and after waiting for the ebullition¹ of delight among the seamen to subside a little, he beckoned with an air of authority for silence.

“I thank you, my lads, for your good-will,” he said, when all were gathered around him in deep attention; “they have given us a tough chase, and if you had left us another mile to go, we had been lost. That fellow is a king's cutter, and though his disposition to run to leeward is a good deal mollified, yet he shows signs of fight; at any rate, he is stripping off some of his clothes, which looks as if he were game. Luckily for us, Captain Manual has taken all the marines ashore with him.”

The *Ariel* had been kept under a cloud of canvas, as near to the wind as she could lie; and as this was her best sailing, she had stretched swiftly out from the land to a distance, whence the cliffs, and the soldiers who were spread along their summits, became plainly visible. Barnstable turned his glass repeatedly from the cutter to the shore, as different feelings predominated² in his breast, before he again spoke.

¹ outward display of feeling.

² mastered.

“If Mr. Griffith is stowed away among those rocks,” he at length said, “he shall see as pretty an argument discussed, in as few words, as he ever listened to, provided the gentlemen in yonder cutter have not changed their minds as to the road they intend to journey. What think you, Mr. Merry?”

“I wish with all my heart and soul, sir,” returned the fearless boy, “that Mr. Griffith was safe aboard of us; it seems the country is alarmed, and God knows what may happen if he is taken! As to the fellow to windward, he’ll find it easier to deal with the *Ariel’s* boat than with her mother. But he carries a broad sail; I question if he means to show play.”

“Never doubt him, boy,” said Barnstable; “he is working off the shore, like a man of sense; and, besides, he has his spectacles on trying to make out what tribe of Yankee Indians we belong to. Tell the drummer, sir, to beat to quarters.”

The boy commenced that short, rub-a-dub air that will at any time rouse a thousand men from their deepest sleep, and cause them to fly to their means of offence with a common soul.

The English cutter held her way from the land until she got an offing of more than two miles, when she reduced her sails to a yet smaller number; and, heaving into the wind, she fired a gun in a direction opposite to that which pointed to the *Ariel*.

“Now I would wager a quintal¹ of codfish, Master Coffin,” said Barnstable, “against the best cask of porter that was ever brewed in England, that fellow believes a Yankee schooner can fly in the wind’s eye. If he wishes to speak to us, why don’t he give the cutter a little sheet and come down?”

“He hugs the wind, sir, as if it was his sweetheart,” was the cockswain’s answer; “but he’ll let go his hold soon. It’s no hard matter to knock a few cloths out their bolt-ropes, when she will both drop astern and to leeward.”

“I believe there is good sense in your scheme this time,” said Barnstable; “for I am anxious about the frigate’s people,

¹ weight of a hundred pounds.

though I hate a noisy chase. Speak to him, Tom, and let us see if he will answer."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the cockswain, applying a match with a rapid motion to the priming.

"There go the chips," cried Barnstable. "Bravo! Master Coffin, your never planted iron in the ribs of an Englishman with more judgment. Let him have another piece of it; and, if he likes the sport, we'll play a game of long bowls with him. Ah! you have sent him to his guns. We shall now hear more of him. Wake him up, Tom, wake him up."

"Ay, ay, sir; all ready," grumbled the cockswain; "stand by with your match—fire!" This was the actual commencement of the fight; for, as the shot of Tom Coffin travelled, their enemy found the sport becoming too hot to be endured in silence, and the report of the second gun from the *Ariel* was instantly followed by that of the whole broadside of the *Alacrity*. The shot of the cutter flew in a very good direction, but her guns were too light to give them efficiency at that distance, and as the two were heard to strike against the bends of the schooner and fall back innocuously into the water, the cockswain remarked with his customary apathy:¹

"Them count no more than love-taps; does the Englishman think that we are firing salutes?"

"Stir him up, Tom; every blow you give him will help to open his eyes," cried Barnstable, rubbing his hands with glee. The action now grew warm and spirited on both sides.

In the meantime the Englishman played a manful game. He had suffered a heavy loss by the distant cannonade, which no metal he possessed could retort upon his enemy; but he struggled nobly to repair the error of judgment with which he had begun the contest. The two vessels gradually drew nigher to each other, until they both entered the common cloud created by their fire, which thickened and spread around them in such a manner as to conceal their dark hulls from

¹ want of feeling.

the gaze of the curious and interested spectators on the cliffs.

The fire of the *Ariel* was much the most quick and deadly ; and the cutter stood desperately on to decide the combat, after grappling, hand to hand. Barnstable anticipated her intention, and well understood her commander's reason for adopting this course. Accordingly he met the enemy half-way, and as the vessels rushed together, the stern of the schooner was secured to the bow of the cutter by the joint efforts of both parties. The voice of the English commander was now to be heard in the uproar calling his men to follow him.

“ Away there, boarders ! Repel boarders on the starboard quarter,” shouted Barnstable through his trumpet.

“ Sweep him from his decks,” cried the English commander, as he appeared on his own bulwarks surrounded by a dozen of his bravest men ; “ drive the rebellious dogs into the sea.”

“ Away there, marines !” retorted Barnstable, firing his pistol at the advancing enemy ; “ leave not a man of them to sup his grog again.”

“ Board her ! graybeards and boys, idlers, and all !” again shouted Barnstable, springing in advance of his crew. A powerful arm arrested the movement of the dauntless seaman, and before he had time to recover himself he was drawn violently back to his own vessel by the irresistible grasp of his cockswain.

“ The fellow is in his flurry,” said Tom, “ and it wouldn't be wise to go within reach of his flukes ; but I'll just step ahead and give him a set with my harpoon.”

Without waiting for a reply, the cockswain reared his tall frame on the bulwarks, and was in the attitude of stepping on board of his enemy, when a sea separated the vessels, and he fell with a dash of the waters into the ocean. As twenty muskets and pistols were discharged at the instant he disappeared, the crew of the *Ariel* supposed his fall to be occa-

sioned by his wounds, and were rendered doubly fierce by the sight, and the cry of their commander to—

“Revenge Long Tom! board her! Long Tom or death!”

They threw themselves forward in irresistible numbers, and forced a passage, with much bloodshed, to the fore-castle of the *Alacrity*.

“Hurrah!” shouted Barnstable from the edge of the quarter-deck, where, attended by a few men, he was driving all before him. “Revenge! Long Tom and victory!”

“We have them,” exclaimed the Englishman. “Handle your pikes; we have them between two fires.”

The battle would probably have terminated differently from what previous circumstances had indicated, had not a wild-looking figure appeared in the cutter’s channels at that moment, issuing from the sea, and gaining the deck at the same instant. It was Long Tom, with his iron visage rendered fierce by his previous discomfiture, and his grizzled locks drenched, looking like Neptune with his trident.¹ Without speaking, he poised his harpoon, and with a powerful effort pinned the unfortunate Englishman to the mast of his own vessel.

“Starn all!” cried Tom, by a sort of instinct, when the blow was struck; and, catching up the musket of a fallen marine, he dealt out terrible and fatal blows with its butt on all who approached him, utterly disregarding the use of the bayonet on its muzzle. The unfortunate commander of the *Alacrity* brandished his sword with frantic gestures. His head dropped lifeless upon his gored breast, a spectacle of dismay to his crew. The Englishmen left to the Americans the undisputed possession of the *Alacrity*.

While the vessels were separating, and the bodies of the dead and wounded were being removed, the conqueror paced the deck of his prize, as if lost in deep reflection. He passed his hand frequently across his blackened and blood-stained

¹ three-pronged spear.

brow, while his eyes would rise to examine the vast canopy of smoke that was hovering above the vessels, like a dense fog exhaling from the ocean.

“Haul down all your flags,” he cried; “set the Englishman’s colors again, and show the enemy’s jack above our ensign in the *Ariel*.”

“I see how it is, sir; you reckon the redcoats have Mr. Griffith in tow,” said the cockswain.

The few prisoners who were unhurt were rapidly transferred to the *Ariel*. While Barnstable was attending to this duty, an unusual bustle drew his eyes to one of the hatchways, where he beheld a couple of his marines dragging forward a gentleman whose demeanor and appearance indicated the most abject terror.

After examining the extraordinary appearance of this individual for a moment, the lieutenant exclaimed:

“Whom have we here—some amateur in fights? Pray, sir, in what capacity did you serve in this vessel?”

The captive ventured a sidelong glance at his interrogator, in whom he expected to encounter Griffith; but, perceiving that it was a face he did not know, he felt a revival of confidence that enabled him to reply:

“I came by accident; being on board of the cutter at the time her late commander determined to engage you. I am a non-combatant——”

“This is perfectly true,” interrupted Barnstable; “it requires no spyglass to read the name written on you from stem to stern; but for certain weighty reasons——”

He paused to turn at a signal given him by young Merry, who whispered in his ear:

“’Tis Mr. Dillon, kinsman of Colonel Howard; I’ve seen him often, sailing in the wake of my cousin Cicely.”

“Dillon!” exclaimed Barnstable, rubbing his hands with pleasure. “What, Kit of that name! he with ‘the Savannah face, eyes of black, and skin of the same color’? He’s grown

a little whiter with fear ; but he's a prize, at this moment, worth twenty *Alacrities*."

These exclamations were made in a low voice, and at some little distance from the prisoner, whom he now approached and addressed :

"Policy, and consequently duty, require that I should detain you for a short time, sir ; but you shall have a sailor's welcome to whatever we possess, to lessen the weight of captivity."

Barnstable precluded any reply, by bowing to his captive and turning away to superintend the management of his vessels. In a short time it was announced that they were ready to make sail, when the *Ariel* and her prize were brought close to the wind, and commenced beating slowly along the land, as if intending to return to the bay whence the latter had sailed that morning. As they stretched in to the shore, the soldiers on the cliffs rent the air with their shouts, to which Barnstable directed his crew to respond in the most cordial manner. As the distance, and the want of boats, prevented any further communication, the soldiers, after gazing at the receding vessels for a time, disappeared from the cliffs.

In the meantime, the navigators diligently pursued their way for the haven, into which they steered with every appearance of the fearlessness of friends and the exultation¹ of conquerors.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN MANUAL AND HIS MARINES.

As Griffith and his companions rushed from the offices of St. Ruth into the open air, they encountered no one to intercept their flight or communicate the alarm. They proceeded for the distance of half a mile with rapid strides, and with the stern and sullen silence of men who expect danger, resolved to breast it with desperate resolution.

¹ triumph,

“I have reason to think that there is an unfrequented ruin at no great distance from us,” said Griffith; “perhaps we might find both shelter and privacy among its deserted walls.”

“The thought is good,” returned the pilot, “and ’twill answer a double purpose. Could you find the place where you put the marines in ambush, Captain Manual?”

“Has a dog a nose? and can he follow a clean scent?” exclaimed the marine; “do you think, Signor Pilota, that a general ever puts his forces in an ambuscade where he can’t find them himself?”

“Come, come, Manual,” said Griffith, a little angrily, “can you lead your men hither without discovery, before the day dawns?”

“I want but the shortest half-hour that a bad watch ever travelled over to do it in.”

“Then follow, and I will appoint a place of secret rendezvous,” rejoined Griffith; “Mr. Gray can learn our situation at the same time.”

The pilot was seen to beckon, through the gloom of the night, for his companions to move forward; when they proceeded, with cautious steps, in quest of the desired shelter. A short search brought them in contact with a part of the ruined walls, which spread over a large surface, and which in places reared their black fragments against the sky, casting a deeper obscurity across the secret place in the recesses of the wood.

“This will do,” said Griffith; “bring up your men to this point, where I will meet you, and conduct them to some more secret place, for which I shall search during your absence.”

“A perfect paradise, after the cable-tiers of the *Ariel*,” exclaimed Manual; “I doubt not but a good spot might be selected among the trees for a steady drill.”

“Away, away!” cried Griffith. “Here is no place for idle parades; if we find shelter from discovery and capture until you shall be needed in a deadly struggle, ’twill be well.”

It was now about the commencement of the morning watch,

and Griffith ventured to the edge of the little wood to listen if any sounds or tumult indicated that they were pursued. The recollection of home, America, his youthful mistress, blended in a sort of wild and feverish confusion, which was not, however, without its pleasures, in the ardent fancy of the young man; and he was slowly approaching, step by step, toward the abbey, when the sound of footsteps, proceeding evidently from the measured tread of disciplined men, reached his ears. He was instantly recalled to his recollection by this noise, which increased as the party approached; and in a few moments he was able to distinguish a line of men marching in order toward the edge of the wood from which he had himself so recently issued.

Retiring rapidly under the deeper shade of the trees, he waited until it was apparent the party intended to enter under its cover also, when he ventured to speak.

“Who comes, and on what errand?” he cried.

“A skulker, and to burrow like a rabbit, or jump from hole to hole like a wharf rat!” said Manual, sulkily. “Here have I been marching, within half musket-shot of the enemy, without daring to pull a trigger even on their outposts, because our muzzles are plugged with that universal extinguisher of gunpowder called prudence.”

“Lead your party into the ruin, and let them seek their rest; we may have work for them with the dawn,” said Griffith.

Manual had the satisfaction of seeing his little party quartered in a military manner before he retired with Griffith and his men into one of the vaulted apartments of the ruin. Here the marines disposed themselves to rest, while the two officers succeeded in passing the tedious hours, without losing their characters for watchfulness, by conversing with each other.

The guns first fired from the *Alacrity* had been distinctly audible, and were pronounced by Griffith as not proceeding

from the schooner. When the rapid though distant rumbling of the spirited cannonade became audible, it was with difficulty that Griffith could restrain either his own feelings or the conduct of his companions within the bounds that prudence and their situation required. The last gun was, however, fired, and not a man had left the vault, and conjectures as to the result of the fight succeeded to those which had been made on the character of the combatants during the action.

Many hours had passed, when suddenly Griffith said :

“Hark ! What says he ?”

“Who goes there ? What noise is that ?” repeated the sentinel, who was placed at the entrance of the vault.

Manual and Griffith sprang at the same instant from their places of rest, and stood, unwilling to create the slightest sounds, listening with the most intense anxiety to catch the next indications of the cause of their guardian’s alarm. A short stillness like that of death succeeded, during which Griffith whispered :

“’Tis the pilot ; his hour has been long past.”

The words were hardly spoken when the clashing of steel was heard, and at the next instant the body of the sentinel fell heavily along the steps that led to the open air, and rolled lifelessly to their feet, with the bayonet that had caused his death projecting from a deep wound in his breast.

“Away, away ! sleepers, away !” shouted Griffith.

“To arms !” cried Manual, in a voice of thunder.

The alarmed marines sprang to their feet in a confused cluster, and at that fatal moment a body of living fire darted into the vault, which reëchoed with the report of twenty muskets. The uproar, the smoke, and the groans which escaped from many of his party could not restrain Griffith another instant. His pistol was fired through the cloud which concealed the entrance of the vault, and he followed the leaden messenger, trailing a half-pike, and shouting to his men :

“Come on! Follow, my lads! They are nothing but soldiers.”

Even while he spoke the ardent young seaman was rushing up the narrow passage; but as he gained the open space his foot struck the writhing body of the victim of his shot, and he was precipitated headlong into a group of armed men.

“Fire, Manual, fire!” shouted the infuriated prisoner; “fire while you have them in a cluster.”

“Ay, fire, Mr. Manual,” said Borroughcliffe, with great coolness, “and shoot your own officer. Hold him up, boys, hold him up in front. The safest place is nighest to him.”

“Fire!” repeated Griffith, making desperate efforts to release himself from the grasp of five or six men; “fire and disregard me.”

“If he do, he deserves to be hung,” said Borroughcliffe; “such fine fellows are not sufficiently plenty to be shot at like wild beasts in chains. Take him from before the mouth of the vault, boys, and spread yourselves for duty.”

At the time Griffith issued from the cover, Manual was mechanically employed in placing his men in order; and the marines, accustomed to do everything in concert and array, lost the moment to advance. The soldiers of Borroughcliffe reloaded their muskets and fell back behind different portions of the wall, where they could command the entrance to the vault with their fire, without much exposure to themselves. This disposition was very coolly reconnoitred by Manual in person through some of the crevices in the wall, and he hesitated to advance against the force he beheld while so advantageously posted. In this situation several shots were fired by either party without effect, until Borroughcliffe, perceiving the inefficacy of that mode of attack, summoned the garrison of the vault to a parley.

“Surrender to the forces of his Majesty, King George the Third,” he cried, “and I promise you quarter.”

Griffith advanced between the two parties, and spoke so as to be heard by both :

“I propose to descend to the vault and ascertain the loss and present strength of Captain Manual’s party ; if the latter be not greater than I apprehend, I shall advise him to a surrender on the usual conditions of civilized nations.”

“Go,” said the soldier.

Griffith passed into the vault, giving notice to his friends, by his voice, in order to apprise them who approached.

He found six of the marines, including the sentinel, lying dead on the ragged pavement ; and four others wounded, but stifling their groans, by order of their commander, that they might not inform the enemy of his weakness. With the remainder of his command Manual had intrenched himself behind a fragment of a wall that intersected the vault, and, regardless of the dismaying objects before him, maintained as bold a front and as momentous an air as if the fate of a walled town depended on his resolution and ingenuity.

Griffith hastened to Borroughcliffe with his intelligence that the party would surrender.

“Four such fiery gentlemen as yourself would have routed my command,” said Borroughcliffe. “I trembled for my ranks when I saw you coming out of the smoke, like a blazing comet from behind a cloud, and I shall never think of somersets without returning inward thanks to their inventor. But our treaty is made ; let your comrades come forth and pile their arms.”

Griffith communicated the result to the captain of marines, when the latter led the remnant of his party out of the sunken fortress into the open air.

The bodies of the slain were left unsheltered, the seclusion of the ruin being deemed a sufficient security against the danger of any discovery, until darkness should favor their removal in conformity with Borroughcliffe’s plan. The wounded were placed in rude litters composed of the muskets and

blankets of the prisoners, when the conquerors and vanquished moved together in a compact body from the ruin, in such a manner as to make the former serve as a mask to conceal the latter from the curious gaze of any casual passer. There was but little, indeed, to apprehend on this head ; for the alarm and terror, consequent on the exaggerated reports that flew through the country, effectually prevented any intruders on the usually quiet and retired domains of St. Ruth.

The party was emerging from the wood, when the crackling of branches and rustling of dried leaves announced, however, that an interruption of some sort was about to occur.

“Clear the way, Cæsar,” cried a voice at no great distance from them ; “break through the accursed vines on my right, Pompey ; press forward, my fine fellow, or we may be too late to smell even the smoke of the fight.”

A violent effort disentangled the advancing party from the thicket of brambles, when two blacks, each bending under a load of firearms, preceded Colonel Howard into the clear space where Captain Borroughcliffe had halted his detachment.

“We heard you fire,” cried the old soldier, making at the same time the most diligent application of his bandanna, “and I determined to aid you with a sortie.”¹

“I have them—all that survive the affair,” said the captain ; “at least, all that have put foot on English soil.”

“Ay, and the king’s cutter has brought in a schooner,” added Colonel Howard. “Thus perish all rebellion forevermore. Where’s Kit, my kinsman, Mr. Christopher Dillon ? I would ask him what the laws of the realm next prescribe to loyal subjects.”

“You will pardon me, gentlemen,” said Griffith, advancing toward them with an uncontrollable interest ; “but I have unavoidably heard part of your discourse, and cannot think you will find it necessary to withhold the whole truth from a

¹ the issuing of a body of troops from a besieged place to attack the besiegers.

disarmed captive. Say you that a schooner has been captured this morning ?”

“It is assuredly true,” said Borroughcliffe, “but I forbore to tell you, because I thought your own misfortunes would be enough for one time. Mr. Griffith, this gentleman is Colonel Howard, to whose hospitality you will be indebted for some favors before we separate.”

“Griffith,” echoed the colonel, in quick reply, “Griffith, what a sight my old eyes witness!—the child of worthy, gallant, loyal Hugh Griffith a captive, and taken in arms against his prince! Young man, what would thy honest father have said, had it pleased God that he had survived to witness this burning shame and lasting stigma on thy respectable name ?”

“Had my father lived, he would now have been upholding the independence of his native land,” said the young man, proudly.

“O boy, boy!” cried the colonel, “how I could have loved and cherished thee, if the skill and knowledge obtained in the service of thy prince were now devoted to the maintenance of his unalienable rights! I loved thy father, worthy Hugh, even as I loved my own brother Harry.”

“And his son should still be dear to you,” interrupted Griffith, taking the reluctant hand of the colonel into both his own.

“Ah, Edward,” continued the softened veteran, “how many day-dreams have been destroyed by thy perversity! This war, ay, this war, young man—is it not a project of unrighteous ambition, under the mask of sacred liberty and the popular cry of equality ?”

“You judge us harshly, Colonel Howard,” said Griffith.

“I judge you!” interrupted the old soldier, who by this time thought the youth resembled any one rather than his friend Hugh; “it is not my province to judge you at all; if it were—but the time will come, the time will come.”

“Mr. Griffith, yonder man calls himself your comrade?” said the captain.

The eyes of Colonel Howard and Griffith followed the direction of his finger, and the latter instantly recognized the pilot apparently surveying the condition of his friends.

“That man,” said Griffith, in confusion, and hesitating to utter even the equivocal truth that suggested itself, “that man does not belong to our ship’s company.”

“And yet he has been seen in *your* company,” returned the incredulous Borroughcliffe. “He was the spokesman in last night’s examination, Colonel Howard, and doubtless commands the rear-guard of the rebels.”

“You say true,” cried the veteran. “Pompey, Cæsar, present, fire!”

The blacks started at the sudden orders of their master, of whom they stood in the deepest awe; and presenting their muskets they averted their faces, and shutting their eyes obeyed the bloody mandate.

“Charge!” shouted the colonel.

“If your friend stand this charge,” said Borroughcliffe to Griffith, with unmoved composure, “his nerves are made of iron. Such a charge would break the Coldstreams,¹ with Pompey in the ranks.”

“I trust in God,” cried Griffith, “he will have forbearance enough to respect the weakness of Colonel Howard. He presents a pistol.”

“But he will not fire. The Romans deem it prudent to halt; nay, they countermarch to the rear. Hollo! Colonel Howard, my worthy host, fall back on your reënforcements. The wood is full of armed men; they cannot escape us. I only wait for the horse to cut off the retreat.”

The colonel reluctantly acquiesced,² and the three followed the soldier to the dwelling at a pace that was adapted to the infirmities of the master.

¹ a noted English regiment.

² rested satisfied.

As the gentlemen disappeared from his view among the shrubbery of the grounds, the pilot replaced his weapon, and, turning with a saddened and thoughtful brow, slowly reëntered the wood.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT CAME OF LONG TOM'S GOING ON SHORE.

WHEN the fogs of evening began to rise along the narrow basin, the young seaman thought it time to apply himself in earnest to his duty. The *Alacrity*, containing all his own crew together with the *Ariel's* wounded, was gotten silently under way, and driving easily before the heavy air that swept from the land she drifted from the harbor until the open sea lay before her, when her sails were spread, and she continued to make the best of her way in quest of the frigate. Barnstable had watched this movement with breathless anxiety; for on an eminence that completely commanded the waters to some distance, a small but rude battery had been erected for the purpose of protecting the harbor against the depredations and insults of the smaller vessels of the enemy, and a guard of sufficient force to manage the two heavy guns it contained was maintained in the work at all times. He was ignorant how far his stratagem¹ had been successful, and it was only when he heard the fluttering of the *Alacrity's* canvas, as she opened to the breeze, that he felt that he was yet secure.

“Master Coffin, man your boat at once, sir, and arm your crew.”

The cockswain paused a moment before he proceeded to obey this unexpected order, and pointing toward the battery he inquired with infinite phlegm:²

“For shore work, sir? Shall we take cutlasses and pistols, or shall we want pikes?”

¹ plan for deceiving an enemy.

² indifference.

“There may be soldiers in our way, with their bayonets,” said Barnstable, and then turned to Mr. Merry and confided to him that he had gathered from the longshoremen, who had come off this evening to stare at the vessel which the rebels had been able to build, that a party of seamen and marines had been captured in an old ruin near the Abbey of St. Ruth that very day.

“’Tis Mr. Griffith!” exclaimed the boy.

“Ay! the wit of your cousin Katherine was not necessary to discover that. Now, I have proposed to this gentleman with the Savannah face that he should go into the abbey and negotiate an exchange. I will give him for Griffith, and the crew of the *Alacrity* for Manual’s command and the Tigers.”

“The Tigers!” cried the boy, with emotion; “have they got my Tigers too? Would to God that Mr. Griffith had permitted me to land!”

“It was no boy’s work they were about, and room was scarcer in their boat than live lumber. But this Mr. Dillon has accepted my proposition, and has pledged himself that Griffith shall return within an hour after he is permitted to enter the abbey. Will he redeem his honor from the pledge?”

“He may,” said Merry, musing a moment; “for I believe he thinks the presence of Mr. Griffith under the same roof with Miss Howard a thing to be prevented, if possible. He may be true in this instance, though he has a hollow look.”

“Now listen, sir,” said Barnstable. “Watch that battery as closely as if you were at the masthead of your frigate on the lookout for an enemy; the instant you see lights moving in it, cut, and run into the offing. You will find me somewhere under the cliffs, and you will stand off and on, keeping the abbey in sight, until you fall in with us.”

Merry gave an attentive ear to these and divers other solemn injunctions that he received from his commander, who, having sent the officer next to himself in authority in charge of the prize (the third in command being included in the list of

the wounded), was compelled to intrust his beloved schooner to the vigilance of a lad whose years gave no promise of the experience and skill he actually possessed.

When his admonitory instructions were ended, Barnstable stepped again to the opening in the cabin hood, and once more examined the countenance of his prisoner with a keen eye. Dillon had removed his hands from before his sallow features; and, as if conscious of the scrutiny his looks would undergo, had concentrated the whole expression of his forbidding aspect in a settled gaze of hopeless submission to his fate. At least, so thought his captor, and the idea touched some of the finer feelings in the bosom of the generous man. Discarding instantly every suspicion of his prisoner's honor, as alike unworthy of them both, Barnstable summoned him in a cheerful voice to the boat. There was a flashing of the features of Dillon at this call, which gave an indefinable expression to his countenance that again startled the sailor; but it was so transient, and could so easily be mistaken for a smile of pleasure at his promised liberation, that the doubts it engendered passed away almost as speedily as the equivocal expression itself. Barnstable was in the act of following his companion into the boat, when he felt himself detained by a slight hold of his arm.

“What would you have?” he asked of the midshipman who had given the signal.

“Do not trust too much to that Dillon, sir,” returned the anxious boy, in a whisper; “if you had seen his face as I did, when the binnacle-light fell upon it, as he came up the cabin ladder, you would put no faith in him.”

As Barnstable gave the last order, he fell back on his seat, and, drawing his boat-cloak around him, maintained a profound silence until they had passed the two small headlands that formed the mouth of the harbor. Occasionally Barnstable would cast an inquiring glance at the little inlets that they passed, or would note, with a seaman's eye, the small

portions of sandy beach that were scattered here and there along the rocky boundaries of the coast. One in particular, a deeper inlet than common, where a run of fresh water was heard gurgling as it met the tide, he pointed out to his cockswain, by significant but silent gestures, as a place to be especially noted. Tom, who understood the signal as intended for his own eye alone, made his observations on the spot with equal taciturnity.¹ Soon after this the boat was suddenly turned, and was in the act of dashing upon a spit of sand before it, when Barnstable checked the movement by his voice :

“Hold water !” he said ; “’tis the sound of oars.”

The seamen held their boat at rest, while a deep attention was given to the noise that had alarmed the ears of their commander.

“See, sir,” said the cockswain, pointing toward the eastern horizon ; “it is just rising into the streak of light to seaward of us ; now it settles in the trough—ah ! here you have it again !”

“’Tis a man-of-war’s stroke it pulls,” cried Barnstable ; “I saw the oar-blades as they fell, and—listen to the sounds ! Neither your fisherman nor your smuggler pulls such a regular oar.”

Tom had bowed his head nearly to the water, in the act of listening, and now, raising himself, he spoke with confidence :

“That is the *Tiger* ; I know the stroke of her crew as well as I do my own. Mr. Merry has made them learn the new-fashioned jerk, as they dip their blades, and they feather with such a roll in their rowlocks ; I could swear to the stroke.”

“Hand me the night-glass,” said the commander, impatiently ; “I can catch them as they are lifted into the streak. You are right, by every star in our flag, Tom ; but there is only one man in her stern-sheets. By my good eye, I believe it is that accursed pilot, sneaking from the land, and

¹ habitual reserve in speaking.

leaving Griffith and Manual to die in English prisons! To shore with you—beach her at once!”

The order was no sooner given than it was obeyed, and in less than two minutes the impatient Barnstable, Dillon, and the cockswain were standing together on the sands.

The impression he had received, that his friends were abandoned to their fate by the pilot, urged the generous young seaman to hasten the departure of his prisoner, as he was fearful every moment might interpose some new obstacle to the success of his plans.

“Mr. Dillon,” he said, the instant they were landed, “I shall send my cockswain with you to the abbey, and you will either return with him, in person, within two hours, or give Mr. Griffith and Captain Manual to his guidance. Proceed, sir; you are conditionally free; there is an easy opening by which to ascend the cliffs.”

Dillon once more thanked his generous captor, and then proceeded to force his way up the rough eminence.

“Follow, and obey his instructions,” said Barnstable to his cockswain, aloud.

Tom, long accustomed to implicit obedience, handled his harpoon, and was quietly following in the footsteps of his new leader, when he felt the hand of the lieutenant on his shoulder.

“You saw where the brook emptied over the hillock of sand?” said Barnstable, in an undertone.

Tom nodded assent.

“You will find us there riding without the surf—’twill not do to trust too much to an enemy.”

The cockswain made a gesture of great significance with his weapon, that was intended to indicate the danger their prisoner would incur should he prove false; when, applying the wooden end of the harpoon to the rocks, he ascended the ravine at a rate that soon brought him to the side of his companion.

Barnstable lingered on the sands for a few minutes, until the footsteps of Dillon and the cockswain were no longer audible, when he ordered his men to launch their boat once more into the surf. While the seamen pulled leisurely toward the place he had designated as the point where he would await the return of Tom, the lieutenant first began to entertain serious apprehensions concerning the good faith of the prisoner.

The mists appeared to be settling nearer the earth, and it would have been difficult for one less acquainted than Dillon with the surrounding localities to find the path which led to the dwelling of Colonel Howard. After some search, this desirable object was effected; and the civilian led the way with rapid strides toward the abbey.

Avoiding the principal entrance of the building, through the great gates which communicated with the court in front, Dillon followed the windings of the wall until it led them to a wicket which he knew was seldom closed for the night until the hour for general rest had arrived. Their way now lay in the rear of the principal edifice, and soon conducted them to the confused pile which contained the offices. The cockswain followed his companion with a confiding reliance on his knowledge and good faith.

He did not perceive anything extraordinary in the other's stopping at the room which had been provided as a sort of barracks for the soldiers of Captain Borroughcliffe. A conference which took place between Dillon and the sergeant was soon ended, when the former beckoned to the cockswain to follow, and taking a circuit around the whole offices, they entered the abbey together by the door through which the ladies had issued when in quest of the three prisoners as has been already related. After a turn or two among the narrow passages of that part of the edifice, Tom found himself following his guide through a long, dark gallery, that was terminated at the end toward which they were approaching by a half-opened door that admitted a glimpse into a well-lighted and comfort-

able apartment. The master of the mansion and Borroughcliffe were seated opposite to each other, employed in discussing the events of the day.

The colonel, turning, beheld the individual he had so much desired, and received him with a delight proportioned to the unexpectedness of the pleasure. Borroughcliffe entirely disregarded the private communications that passed between his host and Dillon, which gradually became more deeply interesting, and finally drew them to a distant corner of the apartment. The captain was, however, at last summoned to participate in the councils of his friends.

Dillon was spared the disagreeable duty of repeating the artful tale he had found it necessary to palm on the colonel by the ardor of the veteran himself, who executed the task in a manner that gave to the treachery of his kinsman every appearance of a justifiable artifice, and of unshaken zeal in the cause of his prince. In substance, Tom was to be detained as a prisoner, and the party of Barnstable were to be entrapped, and of course to share a similar fate.

“Drill,” said Borroughcliffe, aloud, “advance and receive your orders.” The cockswain turned quickly at this sudden mandate, and for the first time perceived that he had been followed into the gallery by the orderly and two files of soldiers, armed.

“Take this man to the guard-room and feed him, and see that he dies not of thirst.”

There was nothing alarming in this order, and Tom was following the soldiers in obedience to a gesture from their captain, when their steps were arrested in the gallery by the cry of “Halt!”

“On recollection, Drill,” said Borroughcliffe, in a voice from which dictatorial sounds were banished, “show the gentleman into my own room, and see him properly supplied.”

Luckily for the impatience of Tom, the quarters of the cap-

tain were at hand, and the promised entertainment by no means slow in making its appearance.

As Borroughcliffe entered the apartment, he commanded his orderly to retire, adding :

“ Mr. Dillon will give you instructions, which you are implicitly to obey.”

The captain drew near the cockswain, and with a familiarity infinitely condescending, when the difference in their several conditions is considered, he commenced the following dialogue :

“ You are a most deserving fellow, and it is painful to think to what a fate the treachery of Mr. Dillon has consigned you.”

The suspicions of Tom, if he ever entertained any, were lulled to rest by the kindness he had received ; he, therefore, contented himself by saying, with a satisfied simplicity :

“ I am consigned to no one, carrying no cargo but this Mr. Dillon, who is to give me Mr. Griffith in exchange, or go back to the *Ariel* himself as my prisoner.”

“ I am sorry to say you will not be permitted to return to the *Ariel*, and that your commander, Mr. Barnstable, will be a prisoner within an hour, and, in fact, that your schooner will be taken before the morning breaks.”

“ Who'll take her ?” asked the cockswain, with a grim smile, on whose feelings, however, this combination of threatened calamities was beginning to make some impression.

“ You must remember that she lies immediately under the heavy guns of a battery that can sink her in a few minutes ; an express has already been sent to acquaint the commander of the work with the *Ariel's* true character ; and, as the wind has already begun to blow from the ocean, her escape is impossible.”

The truth, together with its portentous consequences, now began to glare across the faculties of the cockswain. He remembered the helpless situation of the schooner, deprived of more than half her crew and left to the keeping of a boy,

while her commander himself was on the eve of captivity. The trencher¹ fell from his lap to the floor, his head sunk on his knees, his face was concealed between his broad palms, and, in spite of every effort the old seaman could make to conceal his emotion, he fairly groaned aloud.

For a moment the better feelings of Borroughcliffe prevailed, and he paused as he witnessed this exhibition of suffering in one whose head was already sprinkled with the marks of time.

“I know of one way,” said Borroughcliffe, affecting to muse, “and but one, that will certainly avert the prison-ship; for, on second thoughts, they will hardly put you to death.”

“Name it, friend,” cried the cockswain, rising from his seat in evident perturbation,² “and if it lies in the power of man, it shall be done.”

“Why, then, you have only to serve your king as you have before served the Congress—and let me be the man to show you your colors.”

The cockswain stared at the speaker intently, but it was evident he did not clearly comprehend the nature of the proposition, and the captain pursued the subject:

“In plain English, enlist in my company, my fine fellow, and your life and liberty are both safe.”

Tom did not laugh aloud, for that was a burst of feeling he was seldom known to indulge, but every feature of his weather-beaten visage contracted into an expression of bitter, ironical contempt. Borroughcliffe felt the iron fingers that grasped his collar gradually tightening about his throat like a vice; and, as the arm slowly contracted, his body was drawn, by a power that it was in vain to resist, close to that of the cockswain; who, when their faces were within a foot of each other, gave vent to his emotions in words:

“A messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog—but a dog before a soldier!”

As Tom concluded, his nervous arm was suddenly extended

¹ large wooden plate,

² restlessness or disquietude of mind.

to the utmost, the fingers relinquishing their grasp at the same time; and, when Borroughcliffe recovered his disordered faculties, he found himself in a distant corner of the apartment, prostrate among a confused pile of chairs, tables, and wearing apparel. In endeavoring to rise from this humble posture, the hand of the captain fell on the hilt of his sword, which had been included in the confused assemblage of articles produced by his overthrow.

“How now, scoundrel!” he cried, baring the glittering weapon, and springing on his feet; “you must be taught your distance, I perceive.”

The cockswain seized the harpoon which leaned against the wall, and dropped its barbed extremity within a foot of the breast of his assailant, with an expression of the eye that denoted the danger of a nearer approach. The captain, however, wanted not for courage, and, stung to the quick by the insult he had received, he made a desperate parry, and attempted to pass within the point of the novel weapon of his adversary. The slight shock was followed by a sweeping whirl of the harpoon, and Borroughcliffe found himself without arms, completely at the mercy of his foe. One more struggle, in which the captain discovered his incompetency to make any defence against the strength of a man who managed him as if he had been a child, decided the matter. The cockswain produced sundry pieces of sennit and marline from his pockets, and proceeded to lash the arms of the conquered soldier to the posts of the bed. When this part of the plan was executed, Tom paused for a moment and gazed around him in quest of something. The naked sword caught his eye, and with the weapon in his hand he approached his captive.

“For God’s sake,” exclaimed Borroughcliffe, “murder me not in cold blood!”

The silver hilt entered his mouth as the words issued from it, and the captain found that he was being “gagged.”

The cockswain now appeared to think himself entitled to all

the privileges of a conqueror ; for, taking the light in his hand, he commenced a scrutiny into the nature and quality of the worldly effects that lay at his mercy. At length he found a pair of handsomely mounted pistols, a sort of weapon with which he seemed quite familiar. He thrust the weapons into the canvas belt that encircled his body, and grasping his harpoon, approached the bed where Borroughcliffe was seated in duress.¹

“ Harkye, friend,” said the cockswain, “ may the Lord forgive you, as I do, for wishing to make a soldier of a seafaring man, and one who has followed the waters since he was an hour old, and one who hopes to die off soundings, and to be buried in brine !”

With these amicable wishes the cockswain departed.

It is certain that Tom Coffin had devised no settled plan of operations when he issued from the apartment of Borroughcliffe, if we except a most resolute determination to make the best of his way to the *Ariel*, and to share in her fate, let it be either sink or swim.

Following the line of the wall he soon emerged from the dark and narrow passage in which he had first found himself, and entered the principal gallery, that communicated with all the lower apartments of that wing, as well as with the main body of the edifice. An open door, through which a strong light was glaring, at a distant end of the gallery, instantly caught his eye ; and the old seaman had not advanced many steps toward it before he discovered that he was approaching the very room which had so much excited his curiosity, and by the identical passage through which he had entered the abbey. The doubting old seaman stood once more near the threshold which he had crossed when conducted to the room of Borroughcliffe. The seat of that gentleman was now occupied by Dillon, and Colonel Howard had resumed his wonted station at the foot of the table.

¹ imprisonment.

“ A nice *ruse* ! ” cried the veteran, as Tom assumed his post in ambush ; “ a most noble and ingenious *ruse* ! ”

It was extremely fortunate for Dillon that the animation of his aged kinsman kept his head and body in such constant motion as to intercept the aim that the cockswain was deliberately taking at his head with one of Borroughcliffe’s pistols.

“ But you have not spoken of the ladies,” said Dillon, after a pause ; “ I should hope they have borne the alarm of the day like kinswomen of the family of Howard.”

The colonel glanced his eyes around him as he answered :

“ Ah, Kit, they have come to since this rebel scoundrel Griffith has been brought to the abbey ! We were favored with the company of even Miss Howard in the dining-room to-day. This Griffith goes to the Tower, at least, Mr. Dillon.

“ We must be stirring, boy,” continued the colonel, moving toward the door that led to the apartments of his prisoners ; “ but there is a courtesy due to the ladies, as well as to those unfortunate violators of the laws. Go, Christopher, convey my kindest wishes to Cecilia.”

The greater part of the preceding discourse was unintelligible to the cockswain, who had waited its termination with extraordinary patience, in hopes he might obtain some information that he could render of service to the captives. Before he had time to decide on what was now best for him to do, Dillon suddenly determined to venture himself in the cloisters ; he passed the hesitating cockswain, who was concealed by the opening door, so closely as to brush his person, and moved down the gallery with rapid strides. Tom hesitated no longer, but, aiding the impulse given to the door by Dillon as he passed, so as to darken the passage, he followed the sounds of the other’s footsteps while he trod noiselessly across the stone pavement of the gallery.

The light tap of Dillon on the door of the withdrawing-room of the cloisters was answered by the soft voice of Cecilia Howard herself, who bade the applicant enter.

“I come by the commands of your uncle,” said Dillon, “and permit me to add, by my own——”

“May Heaven shield us!” exclaimed Cecilia, clasping her hands in affright, and rising involuntarily from her couch. “Are we too to be imprisoned and murdered?”

“Surely Miss Howard will not impute to me——” Dillon paused, observing that the wild looks, not only of Cecilia, but of Katherine and Alice Dunscombe also, were directed at some object; and turning, to his manifest terror he beheld the gigantic frame of the cockswain, surmounted by an iron visage fixed in settled hostility, in possession of the only passage from the apartment.

“If there’s murder to be done,” said Tom, after surveying the astonished group with a stern eye, “it’s as likely this here liar will be the one to do it, as another. None who knows him will say that Thomas Coffin ever used uncivil language or unseamanlike conduct to any of his mother’s kind.”

“Coffin,” exclaimed Katherine, advancing with a more confident air from the corner into which terror had driven her with her companions.

“Ay, Coffin,” continued the old sailor, his grim features gradually relaxing as he gazed on her bright looks.

“Coffin! This, then, is Long Tom?”

“Ay, ay, Long Tom, and no sham in the name either,” returned the cockswain.

Bending his eye keenly on the cowering form of Dillon, he said:

“Liar! how now? What brought old Tom Coffin into these shoals and narrow channels? Was it a letter? Ha! but by the Lord that maketh the winds to blow, and teacheth the lost mariner how to steer over the wide waters, you shall sleep this night, villain, on the planks of the *Ariel*.”

The extraordinary vehemence, the language, the attitude of the old seaman, commanding in its energy, and the honest indignation that shone in every look of his keen eyes, together

with the nature of the address, and its paralyzing effect on Dillon, who quailed before it like the stricken deer, united to keep the female listeners, for many moments, silent through amazement.

During this brief period, Tom advanced upon his nerveless victim, and, lashing his arms together behind his back, he fastened him by a strong cord to the broad canvas belt that he constantly wore around his body, leaving to himself by this arrangement the free use of his arms and weapons of offence, while he secured his captive.

“Surely,” said Cecilia, recovering her recollection the first of the astonished group, “Mr. Barnstable has not commissioned you to offer this violence to my uncle’s kinsman, under the roof of Colonel Howard?”

The cockswain, understanding that an explanation was expected from his lips, addressed himself to the task with an energy suitable both to the subject and to his own feelings. In a very few words, though a little obscured by his peculiar diction, he made his listeners understand the confidence that Barnstable had reposed in Dillon, and the treachery of the latter.

“But why delay? Away, then, honest Tom, and reveal the treachery to your commander. You may yet be in time—why delay a moment?” asked Cecilia.

“The ship tarries for want of a pilot. I could carry three fathom over the shoals of Nantucket the darkest night that ever shut the windows of heaven, but I should be likely to run upon breakers in this navigation. As it was, I was near getting into company that I should have had to fight my way out of.”

“If that be all, follow me,” cried the ardent Katherine; “I will conduct you to a path that leads to the ocean, without approaching the sentinels.”

“Away!” said Tom, grasping the collar of the helpless Dillon, and rather carrying than leading him into the gallery; “if a sound one-quarter as loud as a young porpoise makes

when he draws his first breath comes from you, villain, you shall see the sight of the *Alacrity* over again. My harpoon keeps its edge well, and the old arm can yet drive it to the seizing."

This menace effectually silenced even the hard breathings of the captive, who, with his conductor, followed the light steps of Katherine through some of the secret mazes of the building, until in a few minutes they issued through a small door into the open air.

Tom needed no incentive to his speed, now that the course lay so plainly before him ; but loosening his pistols in his belt, and poising his harpoon, he crossed the fields at a gait that compelled his companion to exert his utmost powers, in the way of walking, to equal.

They reached the edge of the cliffs without encountering the party that had been sent in quest of Barnstable, at a point near where they had landed. In a few minutes they gained the ravine, down which Tom plunged with a seaman's nerve, dragging his prisoner after him, and directly they stood where the waves rose to their feet, as they flowed far and foaming across the sands.

The cockswain stooped so low as to bring the crests of the billows in a line with the horizon, when he discovered the dark boat playing in the outer edge of the surf.

"What, ho! Ariels there!" shouted Tom.

"Who hails?" cried the well-known voice of Barnstable.

"Once your master, now your servant," answered the cockswain, with a watchword of his own invention.

"'Tis he," returned the lieutenant. "Veer away, boys, veer away. You must wade into the surf."

Tom caught Dillon in his arms, and throwing him, like a cork, across his shoulder, he dashed into the streak of foam that was bearing the boat on its crest, and before his companion had time for remonstrance or entreaty he found himself once more by the side of Barnstable.

“Whom have we here?” asked the lieutenant. “This is not Griffith.”

“Haul out and weigh your grapnel,” said the excited Tom; “and then, boys, if you love the *Ariel*, pull while the life and the will is left in you.”

Barnstable knew his man, and not another question was asked until the boat was without the breakers. Then, in a few but bitter sentences, the cockswain explained to his commander the treachery of Dillon and the danger of the schooner.

“The soldiers are slow at a night muster,” concluded Tom, “and from what I overheard, the express will have to make a crooked course to double the head of the bay; so that, but for this northeaster, we might weather upon them yet. But it’s a matter that lies altogether in the will of Providence. Pull, my hearties, pull! Everything depends on your oars to-night.”

Barnstable listened in deep silence to this unexpected narration, which sounded in the ears of Dillon like his funeral knell. At length the suppressed voice of the lieutenant was heard also, uttering:

“Wretch! if I should cast you into the sea as food for the fishes, who could blame me? But if my schooner goes to the bottom, she shall prove your coffin.”

CHAPTER XV.

CAST ASHORE ON THE ENEMY’S COAST.

THE arms of Dillon were released from their confinement by the cockswain, as a measure of humane caution against accidents, when they entered the surf, and the captive now availed himself of the circumstance to bury his features in the folds of his attire.

The shadows of the hills seemed to have accumulated, like a mass of gloom, in the centre of the basin; and, though every

eye involuntarily turned to search, it was in vain that the anxious seamen endeavored to discover their little vessel through its density. While the boat glided into this quiet scene, Barnstable anxiously observed :

“ Everything is as still as death.”

“ God send it is not the stillness of death !” ejaculated the cockswain. “ Here, here,” he continued, speaking in a lower tone, as if fearful of being overheard, “ here she lies, sir, more to port. Look into the streak of clear sky above the marsh on the starboard hand of the wood, there. That long black line is her main-topmast ; I know it by the rake ; and there is her night pennant fluttering above that bright star. Ay, ay, sir, there go our own stars aloft yet, dancing among the stars in the heavens ! God bless her ! God bless her ! she rides as easy and as quiet as a gull asleep !”

“ I believe all in her sleep, too,” returned his commander. “ Ha ! we have arrived in good time : the soldiers are moving.”

The whole hull and taper spars of their floating home became unexpectedly visible ; and the sky, the placid basin, and the adjacent hills were illuminated by a flash as sudden and as vivid as the keenest lightning.

“ A bad aim with the first gun generally leaves your enemy clean decks,” said the cockswain, with his deliberate sort of philosophy ; “ smoke makes but dim spectacles ; besides, the night always grows darkest as you call off the morning watch.”

“ That boy is a miracle for his years,” rejoined the delighted lieutenant. “ See, Tom, the younger has shifted his berth in the dark, and the Englishmen have fired by the day range they must have taken, for we left him in a direct line between the battery and yon hummock. What would have become of us if that heavy fellow had plunged upon our decks and gone out below the water-line ?”

“ We should have sunk into English mud for eternity, as sure as our metal and kentledge would have taken us down,” responded Tom.

So long as the seamen were enabled to keep their little bark under the cover of the hill, they were, of course, safe ; but Barnstable perceived, as they emerged from its shadow and were drawing nigh the passage which led into the ocean, that the action of his sweeps would no longer avail them against the currents of air they encountered, neither would the darkness conceal their movements from his enemy, who had already employed men on the shore to discern the position of the schooner. Throwing off at once, therefore, all appearance of disguise, he gave forth the word to spread the canvas of his vessel, as soon as he reached its decks.

“ Let them do their worst now, Merry,” he added ; “ we have brought them to a distance that I think will keep their iron above water, and we have no dodge about us, younker.”

The sails had been loosened and set ; and as the vessel approached the throat of the passage, the gale, which was blowing with increased violence, began to make a very sensible impression on the light bark.

While the lieutenant was yet talking, the whistling of a passing shot was instantly succeeded by a crash of splintered wood ; and at the next moment the head of the mainmast, after tottering for an instant in the gale, fell toward the deck, bringing with it the mainsail, and the long line of topmast, that had been bearing the emblems of America, as the cockswain had expressed it, among the stars of the heavens.

“ That was a most unlucky hit,” Barnstable suffered to escape him, in the concern of the moment ; but instantly he gave his orders to clear the wreck, and secure the fluttering canvas.

The loss of all the sail on the mainmast forced the *Ariel* so much from her course, as to render it difficult to weather the point that jutted under her lee for some distance into the ocean. This desirable object was, however, effected by the skill of Barnstable, aided by the excellent properties of his vessel ; and the schooner, borne down by the power of the

gale, from whose fury she now had no protection, passed heavily along the land, heading as far as possible from the breakers, while the seamen were engaged in making their preparations to display as much of their mainsail as the stump of the mast would allow them to spread.

The firing from the battery ceased as the *Ariel* rounded the promontory, and little was to be dreaded from that quarter; but Barnstable soon perceived that he had a much more threatening danger to encounter in the elements.

The *Ariel* continued to struggle against the winds and ocean for several hours longer, before the day broke on the tempestuous scene, and the anxious mariners were enabled to form a more accurate estimate of their real danger. Barnstable watched the appearance of the weather, as the light slowly opened upon them, with an intense anxiety. On looking to windward, the green masses of water that were rolling in toward the land, with a violence that seemed irresistible, were crowned with ridges of foam; and there were moments when the air appeared filled with sparkling gems, as the rays of the rising sun fell upon the spray that was swept from wave to wave. Toward the land the view was still more appalling.

The cliffs, but a short half-league under the lee of the schooner, were at all times nearly hid from the eye by the pyramids of water which the furious element, so suddenly restrained in its violence, cast high into the air, as if seeking to overleap the boundaries that nature had fixed to its dominion. The whole coast, from the distant headland at the south to the well-known shoals that stretched far beyond their course in the opposite direction, displayed a broad belt of foam, into which it would have been certain destruction, for the proudest ship that ever swam, to enter.

The low rumor of acknowledged danger had found its way through the schooner; and the seamen, after fastening their hopeless looks on the small spot of canvas that they were still able to show to the tempest, would turn to view the dreary line

of coast that seemed to offer so gloomy an alternative. Even Dillon, to whom the report of their danger had found its way, crept from his place of concealment in the cabin, and moved about the decks, unheeded, devouring with greedy ears such opinions as fell from the sullen mariners.

“She can make no head against this sea, under that rag of canvas,” said Barnstable, gloomily, addressing the cockswain.

Tom sighed heavily, and shook his head, before he answered :

“If we could have kept the head of the mainmast an hour longer, we might have got an offing, and fetched to windward of the shoals ; but as it is, sir, mortal man can’t drive a craft to windward—she sets bodily in to land, and will be in the breakers in less than an hour, unless God wills that the wind shall cease to blow.”

The anchors and kedge were dropped to the bottom, and the instant that the *Ariel* tended to the wind, the axe was applied to the little that was left of her long, raking masts.

It was now felt by the whole crew of the *Ariel* that their last means of safety had been adopted. While the minds of the sailors were agitated with the faint hopes that had been excited by the movements of their schooner, Dillon had been permitted to wander about the deck unnoticed : his rolling eyes, hard breathing, and clinched hands excited no observation among the men, whose thoughts were yet dwelling on the means of safety. But now, when with a sort of frenzied desperation he would follow the retiring waters along the decks, and venture his person nigh the group that had collected around and on the gun of the cockswain, glances of fierce or sullen vengeance were cast at him, that conveyed threats of a nature that he was too much agitated to understand.

“If ye are tired of this world, though your time, like my own, is probably short in it,” said Tom to him, as he passed the cockswain in one of his turns, “you can go forward among the men ; but if ye have need of the moments to foot up the

reck'nin' of your doings among men afore ye're brought to face your Maker and hear the log-book of heaven, I would advise you to keep as nigh as possible to Captain Barnstable or myself."

"Will you promise to save me if the vessel is wrecked?" exclaimed Dillon, catching at the first sounds of friendly interest that had reached his ears since his recapture. "Oh, if you will, I can secure your future ease, yes, wealth, for the remainder of your days!"

"Your promises have been too ill kept afore this for the peace of your soul," returned the cockswain, without bitterness, though sternly; "but it is not in me to strike even a whale that is already spouting blood."

The intercessions of Dillon were interrupted by a dreadful cry that arose among the men forward, and which sounded with increased horror amid the roarings of the tempest. The schooner rose on the breast of a wave at the same instant, and, falling off with her broadside to the sea, she drove in toward the cliffs like a bubble on the rapids of a cataract.

"Our ground-tackle has parted," said Tom, with his resigned patience of manner undisturbed; "she shall die as easy as man can make her." While he yet spoke he seized the tiller, and gave to the vessel such a direction as would be most likely to cause her to strike the rocks with her bows foremost.

There was for a moment an expression of exquisite anguish betrayed in the dark countenance of Barnstable, but at the next it passed away, and he spoke cheerfully to his men:

"Be steady, my lads, be calm; there is yet a hope of life for *you*; our light draught will let us run in close to the cliffs, and it is still falling water; see your boats clear, and be steady."

The crew of the whale-boat, aroused by this speech from a sort of stupor, sprang into their light vessel, which was quickly lowered into the sea, and kept riding on the foam, free from

the sides of the schooner, by the powerful exertions of the men. The cry for the cockswain was earnest and repeated ; but Tom shook his head without replying, still grasping the tiller, and keeping his eyes steadily bent on the chaos of waters into which they were driving. A passing billow had thrown the vessel into a position which in some measure protected the decks from the violence of those that succeeded it.

“Go, my boys, go,” said Barnstable. “God bless you, God bless you all ! You have been faithful and honest fellows, and I believe He will not yet desert you. Go, my friends, while there is a lull.”

Barnstable, while he was speaking, caught up Merry and tossed him into the arms of the seamen, saying :

“Away with ye, and God be with you ; there is more weight in you now than can go safe to land.”

Still the seamen hesitated, for they perceived the cockswain moving with a steady tread along the deck, and they hoped he had relented and would yet persuade the lieutenant to join his crew. But Tom, imitating the example of his commander, seized the latter suddenly in his powerful grasp and threw him over the bulwarks with an irresistible force. At the same moment he cast the fast of the boat from the pin that held it, and, lifting his broad hands high in the air, his voice was heard in the tempest :

“God’s will be done with me !” he cried. “I saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and shall live just long enough to see it torn out of her bottom ; after which I wish to live no longer.”

The cockswain, who still remained where he had cast off the rope, gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable issue from the surf bearing the form of Merry in safety to the sands, where, one by one, several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid

despair, a witness of the scene we have related ; but, as his curdled blood began to flow more freely through his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable when endured in participation with another.

“When the tide falls,” he said, in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, “we shall be able to walk to land.”

“There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,” returned the cockswain, “and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands.”

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of the *Ariel* at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea.

The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was necessarily returned to the ocean in eddies, in different places favorable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the “undertow,” Dillon had unknowingly thrown himself ; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome.

The cockswain shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands :

“Sheer to port, and clear the undertow ; sheer to the southward !”

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object ; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned toward the vessel. At this moment Tom's eyes met those of the desperate Dillon.

Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encountered ; and when, a moment afterward, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling, with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet, to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation.

“ He will soon know his God, and learn that his God knows him ! ” murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and, after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way and were swept toward the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

Several bodies had been rescued from the wild fury of the waves ; and one by one, as the melancholy conviction that life had ceased was forced on the survivors, they had been decently interred in graves dug on the very margin of that element on which they had passed their lives. But still the form longest known and most beloved was missing ; and the lieutenant paced the broad space that was now left between the foot of the cliffs and the raging ocean, with hurried strides and feverish eye, watching and following those fragments of the wreck that the sea still continued to cast on the beach. Living and dead, he now found that of those who had lately been in the *Ariel* only two were missing.

“ God knows, sir, ” said Merry, hastily dashing a tear from his eye by a stolen movement of his hand, “ I loved Tom Coffin better than any foremast man in either vessel. We all loved him, Mr. Barnstable ; but love cannot bring the dead to life again. ”

“ I know it, I know it, ” said Barnstable, with a huskiness in his voice that betrayed the depth of his emotion. “ Think, boy, he may at this moment be looking at us, and praying to his Maker that he would turn our eyes upon him ; ay, praying

to his God, for Tom often prayed, though he did it in his watch, standing and in silence."

"If he had clung to life so strongly," returned the midshipman, "he would have struggled harder to preserve it."

Every effort to discover the lost cockswain was, after two hours' more search, abandoned as fruitless; and with reason, for the sea was never known to give up the body of the man who might be emphatically called its own dead.

"The men have gathered many articles on yon beach, sir," said the lad; "they have found arms to defend ourselves with, and food to give us strength to use them."

"And who shall be our enemy?" asked Barnstable, bitterly; "shall we shoulder our dozen pikes, and carry England by boarding?"

"We may not lay the whole island under contribution," continued the boy, anxiously watching the expression of his commander's eye; "but we may still keep ourselves in work until the cutter returns from the frigate. I hope, sir, you do not think our case so desperate as to intend yielding as prisoners."

"Prisoners!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "no, no, lad, it has not got to that, yet. England has been able to wreck my craft, I must concede; but she has, as yet, obtained no other advantage over us. She was a precious model, Merry; the cleanest run and the neatest entrance that art ever united on the stem and stern of the same vessel. We have been unlucky, sir, but we need not despair. These lads have gotten together abundance of supplies, I see; and, with our arms, we can easily make ourselves masters of some of the enemy's smaller craft, and find our way back to the frigate when the gale has blown itself out. We must keep ourselves close, though, or we shall have the redcoats coming down upon us like so many sharks around a wreck. Ah, God bless her, Merry! There is not such a sight to be seen on the whole beach as two of her planks holding together."

Barnstable joined his shipwrecked companions with the air of authority which is seldom wanting between the superior and the inferior in nautical intercourse, but at the same time with a kindness of speech and looks that might have been increased by their critical situation. After partaking of the food which had been selected from among the fragments that still lay scattered for more than a mile along the beach, the lieutenant directed the seamen to arm themselves with such weapons as offered, and also to take sufficient provision from the schooner's stores to last them twenty-four hours longer. These orders were soon executed, and the whole party, led by Barnstable and Merry, proceeded along the foot of the cliffs in quest of the opening in the rocks through which the little rivulet found a passage to the ocean. Barnstable paused in his march when they had all entered the deep ravine, and ascended nearly to the brow of the precipice that formed one of its sides, to take a last and more scrutinizing survey of the sea. His countenance exhibited the abandonment of all hope, as his eye moved slowly from the northern to the southern boundary of the horizon, and he prepared to pursue his march by moving reluctantly up the stream, when the boy, who clung to his side, exclaimed joyously :

“Sail ho ! It must be the frigate in the offing.”

“A sail !” repeated his commander ; “where away do you see a sail in this tempest ? Can there be another as hardy and unfortunate as ourselves ?”

“Look to the starboard hand of the point of rock to windward !” cried the boy. “Now you lose it—ah, now the sun falls upon it ! 'Tis a sail, sir, as sure as canvas can be spread in such a gale !”

“I see what you mean,” returned the other, “but it seems a gull skimming the sea. Nay, now it rises, indeed, and shows itself like a bellying topsail. Pass up the glass, lads ; here is a fellow in the offing who may prove a friend.”

Merry waited the result of the lieutenant's examination

with youthful impatience, and did not fail to ask immediately :

“ Can you make it out, sir ? Is it the ship or the cutter ? ”

“ Come, there seemeth yet some hope left for us, boy,” returned Barnstable, closing the glass ; “ ’tis a ship lying-to under her main-topsail. If one might dare to show himself on these heights, he would raise her hull, and make sure of her character. But I think I know her spars, though even her topsail dips at times, when there is nothing to be seen but her bare poles, and they are shortened by the topgallant masts.”

“ We must have patience till morning,” said the boy, “ for no boat would attempt to land in such a sea.”

The two officers now descended from their elevation and led the way still farther up the deep and narrow dell, until, as the ground rose gradually before them, they found themselves in a dense wood on a level with the adjacent country.

“ Here should be a ruin at hand, if I have a true reckoning, and know my courses and distances,” said Barnstable ; “ I have a chart about me that speaks of such a landmark. But, younker, look ahead ; can you see any habitation that has been deserted ? ”

“ Ay, sir, here is a pile of stones before us, that looks as dirty and ragged as if it was a soldiers’ barrack ; can this be what you seek ? ”

“ Faith, this has been a whole town in its day. We should call it a city in America, and furnish it with a mayor, aldermen, and recorder ; you might stow old Faneuil Hall ¹ in one of its lockers.”

A short time was passed in examining the premises, when the wearied seamen took possession of one of the dilapidated apartments, and disposed themselves to seek that rest of which they had been deprived by the momentous occurrences of the past night.

¹ in Boston, noted meeting-place of American patriots.

Barnstable waited until the loud breathing of the seamen assured him that they slept, when he aroused the drowsy boy, who was fast losing his senses in the same sort of oblivion, and motioned him to follow. Merry arose, and they stole together from the apartment with guarded steps, and penetrated more deeply into the gloomy recesses of the place.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PILOT'S OPPORTUNE ARRIVAL.

WE must leave the two adventurers winding their way among the broken piles, and venturing boldly beneath the tottering arches of the ruin, to accompany the reader, at the same hour, within the more comfortable walls of the abbey, where, it will be remembered, Borroughcliffe was left in a condition of very equivocal ease.

No one ignorant of the fact would suppose that the gentleman who was now seated at the hospitable board of Colonel Howard, directing, with so much discretion, the energies of his masticators to the delicacies of the feast, was the captain who had been so recently condemned for four long hours to the mortification of discussing the barren subject of his own sword-hilt. In the young man who sat by his side, dressed in the deep-blue jacket of a seaman, and whose easy air and manner contrasted still more strongly with his attire, the reader will discover Griffith. The captive paid much less devotion to the viands than his neighbor. The laughing eyes of Katherine Plowden were glittering by the side of the mild countenance of Alice Dunscombe, and at times were fastened in droll interest on the rigid and upright exterior that Captain Manual maintained, directly opposite to where she was seated. A chair had also been placed for Dillon—of course it was vacant.

“ Here comes one who should turn our thoughts to an important subject—our dress,” said Cecilia.

Katherine, springing from her chair with childish eagerness, flew to the side of her cousin, who was directing a servant that had announced the arrival of one of those erratic vendors of small articles, who supply in remote districts of the country the places of more regular traders, to show the lad into the dining-parlor. The repast was so far ended as to render this interruption less objectionable ; the boy was ushered into the room without further delay. The contents of his small basket, consisting chiefly of essences and the smaller articles of female economy, were playfully displayed on the table by Katherine, who declared herself the patroness of the itinerant youth, and who laughingly appealed to the liberality of the gentlemen in behalf of her *protégé*.¹

“ Come, aid me, child ; what have you to recommend in particular to the favor of these ladies ? ” asked Katherine.

The lad approached the basket and rummaged its contents for a moment, with the appearance of deep, mercenary interest ; and then, without lifting his hand from the confusion he had caused, he said, while he exhibited something within the basket to the view of his smiling observer :

“ This, my lady.”

Katherine started, and glanced her eyes with a piercing look at the countenance of the boy, and then turned them uneasily from face to face with conscious timidity. She, in her stolen glances, met the keen look of Borroughcliffe fastened on her face in a manner that did not fail instantly to suspend the scrutiny.

“ Come hither, boy,” said Captain Borroughcliffe, “ and explain the uses of your wares. This is soap, and this a pen-knife, I know ; but what name do you affix to this ? ”

“ That ? That is tape,” returned the lad, with an impatience that might very naturally be attributed to the interruption that was thus given to his trade.

¹ one under the care of another.

“And this?”

“That!” repeated the stripling, pausing, with a hesitation between sulkiness and doubt; “that——”

“Come, this is a little ungallant,” cried Katherine, “to keep three ladies dying with impatience to possess themselves of their finery, while you detain the boy to ask the name of a tambouring needle.”

“I should apologize for asking questions that are so easily answered; but perhaps he will find the next more difficult to solve,” returned Borroughcliffe, placing the subject of his inquiries in the palm of his hand in such a manner as to conceal it from all but the boy and himself. “This has a name, too; what is it?”

“That—that—is sometimes called—white-line.”

“Perhaps you mean a white lie?”

“How, sir?” exclaimed the lad, a little fiercely; “a lie!”

“Only a white one,” returned the captain. “What do you call this, Miss Dunscombe?”

“We call it a bobbin, sir, generally in the North,” said the placid Alice.

“Ay, bobbin or white-line, they are the same thing,” added the young trader.

“They are? I think, now, for a professional man you know but little of the terms of your art,” observed Borroughcliffe, with an affectation of irony. “I never have seen a youth of your years who knew less. What names, now, would you affix to this, and this, and this?”

While the captain was speaking he drew from his pocket the several instruments that the cockswain had made use of the preceding night to secure his prisoner.

“That,” exclaimed the lad, with the eagerness of one who would vindicate his reputation, “is ratline-stuff, and this is marline, and that is sennit.”

“Enough, enough,” said Borroughcliffe; “you have exhibited sufficient knowledge to convince me that you *do* know

something of your *trade*, and nothing of these articles. Mr. Griffith, do you claim this boy?"

"I believe I must, sir," said the young officer, who had been intently listening to the examination. "On whatever errand you have now ventured here, Mr. Merry, it is useless to affect further concealment."

"Is this treason, Mr. Griffith, or what means the extraordinary visit of this young gentleman?" cried the colonel.

"Is it extraordinary, sir," said Merry himself, losing his assumed awkwardness in the ease and confidence of one whose faculties had been early exercised, "that a boy like myself, destitute of mother and sisters, should take a risk on himself to visit the only two female relatives he has in the world?"

"This is plausible enough, Captain Borroughcliffe, and I doubt not the boy speaks with candor. I would now that my kinsman, Mr. Christopher Dillon, were here, that I might learn if it would be misprision of treason to permit this youth to depart unmolested and without exchange. How say you? Do you know anything of my kinsman?"

The anxious eyes of the whole party were fastened on the boy for many moments, witnessing the sudden change from careless freedom to deep horror expressed in his countenance. At length he uttered, in an undertone, the secret of Dillon's fate.

"He is dead."

"Dead!" repeated every one in the room.

"Yes, dead," said the boy, gazing at the pallid faces of those who surrounded him.

"He has been murdered," exclaimed Colonel Howard, whose command of utterance was now restored to him. "He has been treacherously and dastardly and basely murdered."

"He has *not* been murdered," said the boy, firmly; "nor did he meet his death among those who deserve the name either of traitors or of dastards."

The veteran had now so far mastered his feelings as to continue the dialogue.

“Mr. Griffith,” he said, “I shall not act hastily; you and your companions will be pleased to retire to your several apartments.”

The prisoners bowed low to the ladies and their host, and retired. Griffith, however, lingered a moment on the threshold to say :

“Colonel Howard, I leave the boy to your kindness and consideration. I know you will not forget that his blood mingles with that of one who is most dear to you.”

“Enough, enough, sir,” said the veteran, waving his hand to him to retire. “And you, ladies, this is not the place for you, either.”

Cecilia and Katherine permitted themselves to be conducted to the door by their polite but determined guardian, where he bowed to their retiring persons with the exceeding courtesy that he never failed to use when in the least excited.

“Your honor,” said Sergeant Drill, who had entered the room unobserved, “here is a boy who says he has been seized in the old ruin and robbed of his goods and clothes, and by his description this lad should be the thief.”

Boroughcliffe signed to the boy to advance, and he was instantly obeyed. The tale of this unexpected intruder was soon told, and was briefly this :

He had been assaulted by a man and boy (the latter was in presence) while arranging his effects in the ruins, and had been robbed of such part of his attire as the boy had found necessary for his disguise, together with his basket of valuables. He had been put into an apartment of an old tower by the man, for safe-keeping; but as the latter frequently ascended to its turret, to survey the country, he had availed himself of this remissness to escape.

Merry heard his loud and angry details with scornful composure, and before the offended pedler was through his narra-

tive had divested himself of the borrowed garments, which he threw to the other with singular disdain.

“Hark ye, Drill,” cried Borroughcliffe, when the other had ended; “they have old soldiers to deal with, and we shall look into this matter. One would wish to triumph on foot; you understand me?—there was no horse in the battle. Go, fellow, take this young gentleman—and remember he is a gentleman—put him in safe-keeping, but see him supplied with all he wants.”

Borroughcliffe bowed politely to the haughty bend of the body with which Merry, who now began to think himself a martyr to his country, followed the orderly from the room.

“There is mettle in the lad,” exclaimed the captain. “I saw, by his eye, that he had squinted oftener over a gun than through a needle.”

“But they have murdered my kinsman—the loyal, the learned, the ingenious Mr. Christopher Dillon!”

“If they have done so, they shall be made to answer it,” said Borroughcliffe; “but let us learn the facts before we do aught hastily.”

Colonel Howard was fain to comply with so reasonable a proposition, and he resumed his chair, while his companion proceeded to institute a close examination of the pedler boy.

Cecilia and Katherine separated from Alice Dunscombe in the lower gallery of the cloisters, and the cousins ascended to the apartment assigned them as a dressing-room. Secluded from the observation of any strange eyes, the two maidens indulged their feelings, without restraint, according to their several temperaments.

Katherine moved about in the apartment with feverish anxiety, while Miss Howard, by concealing her countenance under the ringlets of her luxuriant dark hair, and shading her eyes with a fair hand, seemed to be willing to commune with her thoughts more quietly.

“Barnstable cannot be far distant,” said Katherine, after a

few minutes had passed ; “ for he never would have sent that child on such an errand by himself.”

She was making her first turn across the room, when her eyes became keenly set on the opposite window, and her whole frame was held in an attitude of absorbed attention. The rays of the setting sun fell bright upon her dark glances, which seemed fastened on some distant object, and gave an additional glow to the mantling color that was slowly stealing across her cheeks to her temples. Katherine slowly beckoned her companion to her side, and, pointing in the direction of the wood that lay in view, she said :

“ See yon tower in the ruin ! Do you observe those small spots of pink and yellow that are fluttering above the walls ? ”

“ I do. They are the lingering remnants of the foliage of some tree ; but they want the vivid tints which grace the autumn of our own dear America.”

“ One is the work of God, and the other has been produced by the art of man. Cecilia, those are no leaves ; but they are my own childish signals, and without doubt Barnstable himself is on that ruined tower. Merry cannot, will not, betray him ! ”

“ My life should be the pledge for the honor of our little cousin,” said Cecilia. “ But you have the telescope of my uncle at hand, ready for such an event ; one look through it will ascertain the truth—— ”

Katherine sprang to the spot where the instrument stood, and with eager hands she prepared it for the necessary observation.

“ It is he ! ” she cried, the instant her eye was put to the glass. “ I even see his head above the stones. How unthinking to expose himself so unnecessarily ! ”

“ But what says he, Katherine ? ” said Cecilia ; “ you alone can interpret his meaning.”

The little book which contained the explanations of Miss Plowden’s signals was now hastily produced, and its leaves rapidly run over in quest of the necessary number.

“ ’Tis only a question to gain my attention. I must let him know he is observed. Here is a signal which will answer: *‘When the abbey clock strikes nine, come with care to the wicket, which opens, at the east side of the paddock, on the road; until then, keep secret.’* I had prepared this very signal in case an interview should be necessary.”

“ Well, he sees it,” returned Cecilia, who was now by the telescope, “ and seems disposed to obey you, for I no longer discern his flags or his person.”

Miss Howard now arose from before the glass, her observations being ended; but Katherine did not return the instrument to its corner without fastening one long and anxious look through it on what now appeared to be the deserted tower. The interest and anxiety produced by this short and imperfect communication between Miss Plowden and her lover did not fail to excite reflections in both the ladies, that furnished materials to hold them in earnest discourse until the entrance of Alice Dunscombe announced that their presence was expected below. As no reference to the subject of their conversation was, however, made by either of the young ladies after the entrance of Alice, she led the way in silence to the drawing-room.

The ladies were received by Colonel Howard and Borroughcliffe with marked attention. It was in vain that Katherine endeavored to read the captain’s countenance, though his deportment appeared more than usually easy and natural. Tired at length with her fruitless scrutiny, the excited girl turned her gaze upon the clock; to her amazement she discovered that it was on the stroke of nine, and, disregarding a deprecating glance from her cousin, she arose and quitted the apartment. She hesitated more than a minute to proceed, for she thought she had detected in a glance from the captain a lurking expression that manifested conscious security mingled with secret design.

It was not her nature, however, to hesitate when circum-

stances required that she should be both prompt and alert, and throwing over her slight person a large cloak, she stole warily from the building.

As she approached the wicket, the clock struck the hour. As the last vibration melted away, she opened the little gate and issued on the highway. The figure of a man sprang forward from behind an angle of the wall as she appeared, and, while her heart was still throbbing with the suddenness of the alarm, she found herself in the arms of Barnstable. After the first few words of recognition and pleasure which the young sailor uttered, he acquainted his mistress with the loss of his schooner and the situation of the survivors.

Barnstable felt the little hand that was supported on his arm, pressing the limb. "Merry has brought in a horrid report," Katherine said. "I would I could believe it untrue, but the looks of the boy and the absence of Dillon both confirm it."

"Is it to the fate of that wretched Dillon that you allude?"

"He was a wretch," continued Katherine, in the same voice, "and he deserved much punishment at your hands, Barnstable; but life is the gift of God, and is not to be taken whenever human vengeance would appear to require a victim."

"His life was taken by Him who bestowed it," said the sailor. "Is it Katherine Plowden who would suspect me of the deed of a dastard?"

"I do not suspect you—I did not suspect you," cried Katherine; "I will never suspect any evil of you again. You are not—you cannot be angry with me, Barnstable? Had you heard the cruel suspicions of my cousin Cecilia, and had your imagination been busy in portraying your wrongs and the temptations to forget mercy, like mine, even while my tongue denied your agency in the suspected deed, you would—you would at least have learned how much easier it is to defend those we love against the open attacks of others than against our own jealous feelings."

“Those words, love and jealousy, will obtain your acquittal,” cried Barnstable, in his natural voice ; and after uttering a few more consoling assurances to Katherine, whose excited feelings found vent in tears, he briefly related the manner of Dillon’s death.

He then proceeded to lay before his mistress a project he had formed for surprising the abbey that night, which was so feasible that Katherine, notwithstanding her recent suspicions of Borroughcliffe’s designs, came gradually to believe it would succeed.

As the disclosure of these plans was frequently interrupted by little digressions connected with the peculiar emotions of the lovers, more than an hour flew by before they separated. But Katherine at length reminded him how swiftly the time was passing and how much remained to be done, when he reluctantly consented to see her once more through the wicket, where they parted.

Miss Plowden adopted the same precaution in returning to the house she had used on leaving it, and she was congratulating herself on its success when her eye caught a glimpse of the figure of a man who was apparently following at some distance in her footsteps and dogging her motions. As the obscure form, however, paused also when she stopped to give it an alarmed though inquiring look, and then slowly retired toward the boundary of the paddock, Katherine, believing it to be Barnstable watching over her safety, entered the abbey with every idea of alarm entirely lost in the pleasing reflection of her lover’s solicitude.

The sharp sounds of the supper-bell were ringing along the gallery as Miss Plowden gained the gloomy passage, and she quickened her steps to join the ladies in order that no further suspicions might be excited by her absence.

The first few minutes were passed in the usual attentions of the gentlemen to the ladies and the ordinary civilities of the table. The meal passed by and the cloth was removed, though

the ladies appeared willing to retain their places longer than was customary.

“What sound is that?” shouted the colonel, with startling suddenness. “Was it not the crash of some violence, Captain Borroughcliffe?”

“It may have been one of my rascals who has met with a downfall in passing from the festive board—where you know I regale them to-night, in honor of our success—to his blanket,” returned the captain, with admirable indifference.

The soldier had now risen, casting aside the air of badinage¹ which he so much delighted in, and came forward into the centre of the apartment with the manner of one who felt it was time to be serious.

“A soldier is ever in peril when the enemies of his king are at hand,” he said; “and that such is now the case, Miss Plowden can testify, if she will. But you are the allies of both parties—retire, then, to your own apartments, and await the result of the struggle which is at hand.”

“You speak of danger and hidden perils,” said Alice Dunscombe; “know ye aught that justifies your fears?”

“I know all,” Borroughcliffe coolly replied.

“All!” exclaimed Katherine.

“All!” echoed Alice, in tones of horror. “If, then, you know all, you must know the desperate courage and powerful hand when opposed. Yield in quiet, and he will not harm ye. Believe me, believe one who knows his very nature, that no lamb can be more gentle than he would be with unresisting women; nor any lion more fierce with his enemies!”

A loud crash interrupted further speech, and the sounds of heavy footsteps were heard in the adjoining room, as if many men were alighting on its floor in quick succession. Borroughcliffe drew back with great coolness to the opposite side of the apartment, and took a sheathed sword from the table where it had been placed; at the same moment the door

¹ light discourse.

was burst open, and Barnstable entered alone, but heavily armed.

“You are my prisoners, gentlemen,” said the sailor, as he advanced; “resistance is useless, and without it you shall receive favor. Ha, Miss Plowden! my advice was, that you should not be present at this scene.”

“Barnstable, we are betrayed!” cried the agitated Katherine.

“Go you away; go, Katherine,” said her lover, with impatience; “this is no place for you. But, Captain Borroughcliffe, if such be your name, you must perceive that resistance is in vain. I have ten good pikes in this outer room, in twenty better hands, and it will be madness to fight against such odds.”

“Show me your strength,” said the captain, “that I may take counsel with mine honor.”

“Your honor shall be appeased, my brave soldier, for such is your bearing, though your livery is my aversion, and your cause most unholy. Heave ahead, boys! but hold your hands for orders.”

The party of fierce-looking sailors whom Barnstable led, on receiving this order, rushed into the room in a medley; but notwithstanding the surly glances and savage characters of their dress and equipments, they struck no blow nor committed any act of hostility. The confusion of this sudden movement had not yet subsided, when sounds of strife were heard rapidly approaching from a distant part of the building, and presently one of the numerous doors of the apartment was violently opened, when two of the garrison of the abbey rushed into the hall, vigorously pressed by twice their number of seamen, seconded by Griffith, Manual, and Merry, who were armed with such weapons of offence as had presented themselves to their hands at their unexpected liberation.

“You see, sir,” said Barnstable, after grasping the hands of Griffith and Manual in a warm and cordial pressure, “that

all my plans have succeeded. Your sleeping guard are closely watched in their barracks by one party ; our officers are released and your sentinels are cut off by another ; while with a third I hold the centre of the abbey, and am substantially in possession of your own person. In consideration, therefore, of what is due to humanity, and to the presence of these ladies, let there be no struggle. I shall impose no difficult terms, nor any long imprisonment."

Boroughcliffe noted the hardened boldness of the seamen, and taking the supper-bell, which was lying on the table near him, he rang it for a minute with great violence. The heavy tread of trained footsteps soon followed this extraordinary summons ; and presently the several doors of the apartment were opened and filled with armed soldiers wearing the livery of the British Crown.

"If you hold these smaller weapons in such contempt," said the recruiting officer, when he perceived that his men had possessed themselves of all the avenues, "it is in my power to try the virtue of some more formidable. After this exhibition of my strength, gentlemen, I presume you cannot hesitate to submit as prisoners of war."

The seamen had been formed in something like military array by the assiduity¹ of Manual during the preceding dialogue ; and as the different doors had discovered fresh accessions to the strength of the enemy, the marine industriously offered new fronts, until the small party was completely arranged in a hollow square, that might have proved formidable in a charge, bristled as it was with the deadly pikes of the *Ariel*.

"Here has been some mistake," said Griffith, after glancing his eye at the formidable array of the soldiers ; "I take precedence of Mr. Barnstable, and I shall propose to you, Captain Boroughcliffe, terms that may remove this scene of strife from the dwelling of Colonel Howard."

"The dwelling of Colonel Howard," cried the veteran, "is

¹ diligence.

the dwelling of the king, or of the meanest servant of the Crown! So, Borroughcliffe, spare not the traitors on my behalf; accept no other terms than such unconditional submission as is meet to exact from rebellious subjects of the anointed of the Lord."

"Captain Borroughcliffe," cried Griffith, "to you I address myself. We have but to speak, sir, and these rude men, who already stand impatiently handling their instruments of death, will aim them at each other's lives; and who can say that he shall be able to stay their hands when and where he will? I know you to be a soldier, and that you are not yet to learn how much easier it is to stimulate to blood than to glut vengeance. I would take, in peace, these armed men from before the eyes of those unused to such sights. Before you oppose this demand, think how easily these hardy fellows could make a way for themselves against your divided force."

"Your companion, the experienced Captain Manual, will tell you that such a manœuvre would be unmilitary with a superior body in your rear."

"I have not leisure, sir, for this folly," cried the indignant Griffith. "Do you refuse us an unmolested retreat from the abbey?"

"I do."

Griffith turned with a look of extreme emotion to the ladies, and beckoned them to retire, unable to give utterance to his wishes in words. After a moment of deep silence, however, he once more addressed Borroughcliffe in tones of conciliation:

"If Manual and myself will return to our prisons, and submit to the will of your government," he said, "can the rest of the party return to the frigate unmolested?"

"They cannot," replied the soldier, who, perceiving that the crisis approached, was gradually losing his artificial deportment in the interest of the moment. "You and all who willingly invade the peace of these realms must abide the issue."

"Then God protect the innocent and defend the right."

“ Amen.”

“ Give way, villains,” cried Griffith, facing the party that held the outer door ; “ give way, or you shall be riddled with our pikes.”

“ Show them your muzzles, men,” shouted Borroughcliffe ; “ but pull no trigger till they advance.”

There was an instant of bustle and preparation, in which the rattling of firearms blended with the suppressed execrations and threats of the intended combatants, and Cecilia and Katherine had both covered their faces to veil the horrid sight that was momentarily expected, when Alice Dunscombe advanced boldly between the points of the threatening weapons, and spoke in a voice that stayed the hands that were already uplifted :

“ Hear me, men—if men ye be, and not demons thirsting for each other’s blood. Call ye this war ? Is this the glory that is made to warm the hearts of even silly and confiding women ? Fall back, then, ye British soldiers, if ye be worthy of the name, and give passage to a woman, and remember that the first shot that is fired will be buried in her bosom.”

The men, thus enjoined, shrank before her commanding mien, and a way was made for her exit through the very door which Griffith had in vain solicited might be cleared for himself and party.

But Alice, instead of advancing, appeared to have suddenly lost the use of those faculties which had already effected so much. Her figure seemed rooted to the spot where she had spoken, and her eyes were fixed in a settled gaze as if dwelling on some horrid object. While she yet stood in this attitude of unconscious helplessness, the doorway became darkened, and the figure of the pilot was seen on its threshold, clad as usual in the humble vestments of his profession, but heavily armed with the weapons of naval war. For an instant he stood a silent spectator of the scene, and then advanced calmly, but with searching eyes, into the centre of the apartment.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PILOT'S ARRIVAL, AND HIS PARTING FROM ALICE
DUNSCOMBE.

“DOWN with your arms, you Englishmen!” said the daring intruder; “and you who fight in the cause of sacred liberty, stay your hands, that no unnecessary blood may flow! Yield yourself, proud Briton, to the power of the thirteen republics!”

“Ha!” exclaimed Borroughcliffe, grasping a pistol with an air of great resolution, “the work thickens; I had not included this man in my estimate of their numbers. Is he a Samson, that his single arm can change the face of things so suddenly? Down with your own weapon, you masquerader, or at the report of this pistol your body shall be made a target for twenty bullets!”

“And thine for a hundred!” returned the pilot. “Without there, wind your call, fellow, and bring in our numbers. We will let this confident gentleman feel his weakness.”

He had not done speaking before the shrill whistle of a boatswain rose gradually on the ears of the listeners, and penetrated even the most distant recesses of the abbey. A tremendous rush of men followed, who drove in before them the terrified fragment of Borroughcliffe's command that had held the vestibule, and the outer room became filled with a dark mass of human bodies.

“Let them hear ye, lads,” cried their leader; “the abbey is your own.”

The roaring of a tempest was not louder than the shout that burst from his followers, who continued their cheers, peal on peal, until the very roof of the edifice appeared to tremble with their vibrations.

Thus far Colonel Howard had yielded to his guest, with a

deep reverence for the principles of military subordination, the functions of a commander ; but, now that affairs appeared to change so materially, he took on himself the right to question these intruders into his dwelling.

“By what authority, sir,” the colonel demanded, “is it that you dare thus to invade the castle of a subject of this realm ?”

“I might answer you, Colonel Howard,” said Griffith, “by saying that it is according to the laws of arms, or rather in retaliation for the thousand evils that your English troops have inflicted between Maine and Georgia ; but I wish not to increase the unpleasant character of this scene, and I therefore will tell you that our advantage shall be used with moderation. The instant that our men can be collected and our prisoners properly secured, your dwelling shall be restored to your authority. We are no freebooters, sir, and you will find it so after our departure. Captain Manual, draw off your guard into the grounds, and make your dispositions for a return march to our boats. Let the boarders fall back, there ! Out with ye ! out with ye ! Tumble out, you boarders !”

“It is due to me,” said the pilot, who now stepped forward among the group, “and at this time I enforce my authority. It is true that we came not here as marauders, and that our wish is to do no unnecessary acts of severity to the aged and helpless. This officer of the Crown, and this truant American in particular, are fairly our prisoners ; as such, they must be conducted on board our ship.”

“But the main object of our expedition ?” said Griffith.

“’Tis lost,” returned the pilot, hastily ; “’tis sacrificed to more private feelings. ’Tis like a hundred others, ended in disappointment, and is forgotten, sir, forever. But the interests of the republics must not be neglected, Mr. Griffith ; this Colonel Howard will answer well in a bargain with the minions of the Crown, and may purchase the freedom of some worthy patriot who is deserving of his liberty.”

“Then,” said Cecilia Howard, timidly approaching the spot where her uncle stood, a disdainful witness of the dissensions among his captors, “then I will go with him. He shall never be a resident among his enemies alone.”

“It would be more ingenuous and more worthy of my brother’s daughter,” said her uncle, coldly, “if she ascribed her willingness to depart to its proper motive.” The old man walked toward Borroughcliffe, who was gnawing the hilt of his sword in very vexation at the downfall of his high-raised hopes, and placing himself by his side, with an air of infinitely dignified submission, he continued: “Act your pleasure on us, gentlemen; you are the conquerors, and we must even submit.”

The colonel steadily and coldly rejected the advances of his niece, who bowed meekly to his will, and relinquished, for the present, the hope of bringing him to a sense of his injustice. She, however, employed herself in earnest to give such directions as were necessary to enforce the resolution she had avowed, and in this unexpected employment she found both a ready and a willing assistant in her cousin.

The pilot, as if satisfied with what he had already done, sank back to his reclining attitude against the wall, though his eyes keenly watched every movement of the preparations in a manner which denoted that his was the master spirit that directed the whole. Griffith had, however, resumed, in appearance, the command, and the busy seamen addressed themselves for orders to him alone. In this manner an hour was consumed, when Cecilia and Katherine appearing in succession, attired in a suitable manner for their departure, and the baggage of the whole party having been already intrusted to a petty officer and a party of his own men, Griffith gave forth the customary order to put the whole in motion.

The shrill, piercing whistle of the boatswain once more rang among the galleries and ceilings of the abbey, and was followed by the deep, hoarse cry of—

“ Away, there, you shore-draft ! Away, there, you boarders ! Ahead ! heave ahead, sea-dogs ! ”

The whole party moved from the building in the order that had been previously prescribed by Captain Manual, who acted as the marshal of the forces on the occasion.

The pilot had conducted his surprise with so much skill and secrecy as to have secured every individual about the abbey, whether male or female, soldier or civilian ; and as it might be dangerous to leave any behind who could convey intelligence into the country, Griffith had ordered that every human being found in the building should be conducted to the cliffs, to be held in durance, at least, until the departure of the last boat to the cutter, which, he was informed, lay close in to the land, awaiting their reëmbarkation.

The first object with both Griffith and Barnstable was to secure the embarkation of the fair cousins, and Barnstable proceeded instantly to the boats in order to hasten the preparations that were necessary before they could receive these unexpected captives ; the descent of the pilot having been made in such force as to require the use of all the frigate's boats, which were left riding in the outer edge of the surf awaiting the return of the expedition. A loud call from Barnstable gave notice to the officer in command, and in a few moments the beach was crowded with the busy and active crews of all the small boats. Barnstable ordered the long, low barge of Captain Munson to be drawn upon the sand, it being peculiarly the boat of honor. The hands of fifty men were applied to the task, and it was announced to Colonel Howard and his wards that the little vessel was ready for their reception. Manual had halted on the summit of the cliffs with the whole body of the marines, where he was busily employed in posting pickets and sentinels, and giving the necessary instructions to his men to cover the embarkation of the seamen. The mass of the common prisoners, including the inferior domestics of the abbey and the men of Borroughcliffe, were also held in

the same place under a suitable guard ; but Colonel Howard and his companion, attended by the ladies and their own maids, had descended the rugged path to the beach, and were standing passively on the sands when the intelligence that the boat waited for them was announced.

“Where is he ?” said Alice Dunscombe, turning her head as if anxiously searching for some other than those around her.

“Where is who ?” inquired Barnstable. “We are all here, and the boat awaits.”

“And will he tear me, even me, from the home of my infancy, the land of my birth and my affections ?”

“I know not of whom you speak, madam ; but if it be of Mr. Griffith, he stands there, just without that cluster of seamen.”

Griffith, hearing himself thus named, approached the ladies, and for the first time since leaving the abbey addressed them.

“I hope I am already understood,” he said, “and that it is unnecessary for me to say that no female here is a prisoner ; though, should any choose to trust themselves on board our ship, I pledge to them the honor of an officer that they shall find themselves protected and safe.”

“Then will I not go,” said Alice.

“It is not expected of you,” said Cecilia ; “you have no tie to bind you to any here. Go then, Miss Alice, and be the mistress of St. Ruth until my return, or until Colonel Howard may declare his pleasure.”

Alice did not appear to consider the matter as calling for further discussion at such a moment, for she gently returned the colonel's leave-taking, and then gave her undivided attention to her female friends. Cecilia wept bitterly on the shoulder of her respected companion, giving vent to her regret at parting and her excited feelings at the same moment ; and Katherine pressed to the side of Alice with the kindness prompted by her warm heart. Their embraces were given and received in silence, and each of the young ladies moved toward

the boat as she withdrew herself from the arms of Miss Dunscombe. Colonel Howard would not precede his wards, neither would he assist them into the barge. That attention they received from Barnstable, who, after seeing the ladies and their attendants seated, turned to the gentlemen and observed :

“The boat waits.”

“Stay !” cried Griffith ; “ Captain Borroughcliffe does not embark in that boat.”

“ Ha ! sir ; am I to be herded with the common men ? Forget you that I have a commission of his Britannic Majesty, and that——”

“ I forget nothing that a gentleman is bound to remember, Captain Borroughcliffe ; among other things, I recollect the liberality of your treatment to myself when a prisoner. The instant the safety of my command will justify such a step, not only you, but your men, shall be set at liberty.”

Borroughcliffe started in surprise, but his feelings were too much soured by the destruction of those visions of glory in which he had been luxuriously indulging for the last day or two to admit of his answering. He swallowed his emotions, therefore, by a violent effort, and walked along the beach, affecting to whistle a low but lively air.

“ Well, then,” cried Barnstable, “ all our captives are seated. The boat waits only for its officers.”

Alice Dunscombe turned from the sea, and hastening to quit the bustling throng that were preparing for the embarkation of the rest of the party, she ascended the path that conducted her once more to the summit of those cliffs along which she had so often roved, gazing at the boundless element that washed their base with sensations that might have been peculiar to her own situation.

The soldiers of Borroughcliffe, who were stationed at the head of the pass, respectfully made way ; nor did any of the sentinels of Manual heed her retiring figure, until she ap-

proached the rear-guard of the marines, who were commanded by their vigilant captain in person.

“Who goes there?” cried Manual, advancing without the dusky group of soldiers as she approached them.

“One who possesses neither the power nor the inclination to do ye harm,” answered the solitary female; “’tis Alice Dunscombe, retiring, by permission of your leader, to the place of her birth.”

“Ay,” muttered Manual, “this is another of Griffith’s un-military exhibitions of his politeness. Have you the counter-sign, madam, that I may know you bear a sufficient warrant to pass?”

“I have no other warrant besides my sex and my weakness, unless Mr. Griffith’s knowledge that I have left him can be so considered.”

“The two former are enough,” said a voice, that proceeded from a figure which had hitherto stood unseen, shaded by the trunk of an oak that spread its naked arms above the spot where the guard was paraded.

“Whom have we here?” Manual again cried. “Come in; yield, or you will be fired at.”

“What! will the gallant Captain Manual fire on his own rescuer?” said the pilot, with cool disdain, as he advanced from the shadow of the tree. “The lady will consent to retrace her path for a short distance.”

Alice followed his steps, in compliance with this request, until he had led her to a place, at some distance from the marines, where a tree had been prostrated by the late gale. She seated herself quietly on its trunk, and appeared to await with patience his own time for the explanation of his motives in seeking the interview.

“The hour is at hand, Alice, when we must part,” he at length commenced; “it rests with yourself whether it be forever.”

“Let it then be forever, John,” she returned, with a slight tremor in her voice.

“ Alice,” said the pilot, rising in his agitation, “ I see but too well your object. But on this subject we can never agree. But our time is growing brief ; let us, then, talk of other things. This may be the last time that I shall ever put foot on the island of Britain.”

Alice paused to struggle with the feelings excited by this remark before she pursued the discourse. But soon shaking off the weakness, she added, with a rigid adherence to that course which she believed to be her duty :

“ And now, John, that you have landed, is the breaking up of a peaceful family, and the violence you have shown toward an aged man, a fit exploit for one whose object is the glory of which you have spoken ?”

“ Think you that I have landed and placed my life in the hands of my enemies for so unworthy an object ? No, Alice ; my motive for this undertaking has been disappointed, and therefore will ever remain a secret from the world. But duty to my cause has prompted the step which you so unthinkingly condemn. This Colonel Howard has some consideration with those in power, and will answer to exchange for a better man. As for his wards, you forget their home, their magical home, is in America ; unless, indeed, they find it nearer at hand, under the proud flag of a frigate that is now waiting them in the offing.”

“ You talk of a frigate,” said Alice, with sudden interest in the subject ; “ is she your only means of escaping from your enemies ? Hasten, John, and seem not so proud and heedless, for the hour may come when all your daring will not profit ye against the machinations of secret enemies. Dillon planned that expresses should journey to a seaport at the south, with the intelligence that your vessels were in these seas, in order that ships might be despatched to intercept your retreat.”

The pilot lost his affected indifference as she proceeded, and before she ceased speaking his eye was endeavoring to antici-

pate her words by reading her countenance through the dusky medium of the starlight.

“How know you this, Alice?” he asked quickly. “And what vessel did he name?”

“Chance made me an unseen listener to their plan, and—I know not but I forget my duty to my prince—but, John, ’tis asking too much of a weak woman to require that she shall see the man whom she once viewed with favor sacrificed, when a word of caution given in season might enable him to avoid the danger.”

“Once viewed with an eye of favor! Is it then so?” said the pilot, speaking in a vacant manner. “But, Alice, heard ye the force of the ships, or their names?”

“Their names were certainly mentioned,” said Alice, with tender melancholy; “but the name of one far nearer to me was ringing in my ears, and has driven them from my mind.”

“You are the same good Alice I once knew! And my name was mentioned? What said they of the pirate? Had his arm stricken a blow that made them tremble in their abbey? Did they call him coward, girl?”

“It was mentioned in terms that pained my heart as I listened; for it is ever too easy a task to forget the lapse of years, nor are the feelings of youth to be easily eradicated. I have now communicated all that it can profit you to know, and it is meet that we separate.”

“What, thus soon?” he cried, starting and taking her hand; “this is but a short interview, Alice, to precede so long a separation.”

“Be it short, or be it long, it must now end,” she replied. “Your companions are on the eve of departure, and I trust you would be one of the last who would wish to be deserted. If ye do visit England again, I hope it may be with altered sentiments so far as regards her interests. I wish ye peace, John, and the blessings of God, as ye may be found to deserve them.”

“I ask no further, unless it may be the aid of your gentle prayers. But the night is gloomy, and I will see you in safety to the abbey.”

“It is unnecessary,” she returned with womanly reserve. “The innocent can be as fearless, on occasion, as the most valiant among your warriors. But here is no cause for fear. I shall take a path that will conduct me in a different way from that which is occupied by your soldiers, and where I shall find none but Him who is ever ready to protect the helpless. Once more, John, I bid ye adieu.” Her voice faltered as she continued: “Ye will share the lot of humanity, and have your hours of care and weakness; but at such moments ye can remember those ye leave on this despised island, and perhaps among them ye may think of some whose interest in your welfare has been far removed from selfishness.”

“God be with you, Alice!” he said, touched with her emotion, and losing all vain images in more worthy feelings; “but I cannot permit you to go alone.”

“Here we part, John,” she said firmly, “and forever! ’Tis for the happiness of both, for I fear we have but little in common.” She gently wrested her hand from his grasp, and once more bidding him adieu, in a voice that was nearly inaudible, she turned and slowly disappeared, moving with lingering steps in the direction of the abbey.

The first impulse of the pilot was certainly to follow, but the music of the guard on the cliffs at that moment sent forth its martial strains, and the whistle of the boatswain was heard winding its shrill call among the rocks, in those notes that his practised ear understood to be the last signal for embarking.

Obedient to the summons, this singular man, in whose breast the natural feelings, that were now on the eve of a violent eruption, had so long been smothered by the visionary expectations of wild ambition, and perhaps of fierce resentments, pursued his course in deep abstraction toward the boats.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DANGEROUS FOE.

THE small cabin of the *Alacrity* was relinquished to Colonel Howard and his wards, with their attendants. The boats were dropped astern, each protected by its own keeper; and Griffith gave forth the mandate to fill the sails and steer broad off into the ocean. For more than an hour the cutter held her course in this direction, gliding gracefully through the glittering waters, rising and settling heavily on the long, smooth billows, as if conscious of the unusual burden that she was doomed to carry; but at the end of that period her head was once more brought near the wind, and she was again held at rest, awaiting the dawn, in order to discover the position of the prouder vessel on which she was performing the humble duty of a tender. More than a hundred and fifty living men were crowded within her narrow limits; and her decks presented in the gloom, as she moved along, the picture of a mass of human heads.

As the morning advanced, a deeper gloom was spread across the ocean, and the stars were gleaming in the heavens like balls of fire. But now a streak of pale light showed itself along the horizon, growing brighter, and widening at each moment, until long, fleecy clouds became visible, where nothing had been seen before but the dim base of the arc that overhung the dark waters. While these beautiful transitions were taking place, a voice was heard crying, as if from the heavens:

“Sail—ho! The frigate lies broad off to seaward, sir!”

At the cry of “A sail!” the crew of the *Alacrity* had been aroused from their slumbers by the shrill whistle of the boatswain, and long before the admiring looks of the two cousins had ceased to dwell on the fascinating sight of morning chasing night from her hemisphere, the cutter was again

in motion to join her consort. It seemed but a moment before their little vessel was in, what timid females thought, a dangerous proximity to the frigate, under whose lee she slowly passed, in order to admit of the following dialogue between Griffith and his aged commander :

“I rejoice to see you, Mr. Griffith,” cried the captain, who stood in the channel of his ship, waving his hat in the way of cordial greeting. “You are welcome back, Captain Manual—welcome, welcome, all of you, my boys ! as welcome as a breeze in the calm latitudes.” As his eye, however, passed along the deck of the *Alacrity*, it encountered the shrinking figures of Cecilia and Katherine ; and a dark shade of displeasure crossed his decent features, while he added :

“How’s this, gentlemen? The frigate of Congress is neither a ballroom nor a church that is to be thronged with women.”

The blushing sky had not exhibited a more fiery glow than gleamed in the fine face of Griffith for a moment ; but, struggling with his disgust, he answered with bitter emphasis :

“’Twas the pleasure of Mr. Gray, sir, to bring off the prisoners.”

“Of Mr. Gray !” repeated the captain, instantly losing every trace of displeasure in an air of acquiescence. “Come to, sir, on the same tack with the ship, and I will hasten to order the accommodation-ladder rigged to receive our guests.”

By the time the *Alacrity* was hove to, with her head toward the frigate, the long line of boats that she had been towing during the latter part of the night were brought to her side and filled with men. A wild scene of unbridled merriment and gayety succeeded. Loud laughter was echoed from boat to boat as they glided by each other. The noise soon ceased, and the passage of Colonel Howard and his wards was effected with due decorum. Captain Munson, who had been holding a secret dialogue with Griffith and the pilot, received his unexpected guests with plain hospitality, but with an evident

desire to be civil. He politely yielded to their service his two convenient state-rooms, and invited them to partake, in common with himself, of the comforts of the great cabin.

In the east a small white sail had been discovered since the opening of day, which was gradually rising above the water, and assuming the appearance of some size.

The *Alacrity*, which vessel had been left under the command of the junior lieutenant of the frigate, was quickly under way; and, making short stretches to windward, she soon entered the bank of fog and was lost to the eye. In the meantime the canvas of the ship was loosened, and spread leisurely, in order not to disturb the portion of the crew who were sleeping; and, following her little consort, she moved heavily through the water, bearing up against the dull breeze.

The quiet of regular duty had succeeded to the bustle of making sail. At this moment of universal quiet, when nothing above low dialogues interrupted the dashing of the waves as they were thrown lazily aside by the bows of the vessel, the report of a light cannon burst out of the barrier of fog, and rolled by them on the breeze, apparently vibrating with the rising and sinking of the waters.

“There goes the cutter,” exclaimed Griffith, the instant the sound was heard.

“Surely,” said the captain, “Somers is not so indiscreet as to scale his guns after the caution he has received !”

“No idle scaling is intended there,” said the pilot, straining his eyes to pierce the fog, but soon turning away in disappointment at his inability to succeed; “that gun is shotted, and has been fired in the hurry of a sudden signal. Can your lookouts see nothing, Mr. Barnstable ?”

The lieutenant of the watch hailed the man aloft, and received for answer that the fog intercepted the view, but that the sail in the east was a ship running large or before the wind.

The pilot shook his head doubtingly at this information, but still he manifested a strong reluctance to relinquish the

attempt of getting more to the southward. Again he communed with the commander of the frigate, apart from all ears ; and while they yet deliberated, a second report was heard, leaving no doubt that the *Alacrity* was firing signal guns for their particular attention.

“Perhaps,” said Griffith, “he wishes to point out his position or to ascertain ours, believing we are lost like himself in the mist.”

“We have our compasses,” returned the doubting captain ; “Somers has a meaning in what he says.”

“See !” cried Katherine, with girlish delight, “see, my cousin ! see, Barnstable ! how beautifully that vapor is wreathing itself in clouds above the smoky line of fog ! It stretches already into the very heavens like a lofty pyramid !”

Barnstable sprang lightly on a gun, and shouted, “’Tis a tall ship ! Royals, sky-sails, and studding-sails all abroad ! She is within a mile of us, and comes down like a race-horse, with a spanking breeze dead before it ! Now we know why Somers is speaking in the mist !”

“Ay,” cried Griffith, “and there goes the *Alacrity*, just breaking out of the fog, hovering in for the land !”

“There is a mighty hull under all that cloud of canvas, Captain Munson,” said the observant but calm pilot. “It is time, gentlemen, to edge away to leeward.”

The guns were cleared of their lumber and loosened, the bulkheads were knocked down, and the cabin relieved of its furniture ; and the gun-deck exhibited one unbroken line of formidable cannon arranged in all the order of a naval battery ready to engage.

Arm chests were thrown open, and the decks strewed with pikes, cutlasses, pistols, and all the various weapons of boarding. In short, the yards were slung, and every other arrangement was made with a readiness and dexterity that were actually wonderful, though all was performed amid an appearance of disorder and confusion that rendered the ship another

Babel during the continuance of the preparations. In a very few minutes everything was completed, and even the voices of the men ceased to be heard answering to their names, as they were mustered at their stations by their respective officers. Presently the dull, smoky boundary of the mist which rested on the water was pushed aside in vast volumes, and the long, taper spars that projected from the bowsprit of the strange ship issued from the obscurity, and were quickly followed by the whole of the enormous fabric to which they were merely light appendages. For a moment streaks of reluctant vapor clung to the huge floating pile ; but they were soon shaken off by the rapid vessel, and the whole of her black hull became distinct to the eye.

“ One, two, three rows of teeth,” said Boltrope, the master of the frigate, deliberately counting the tiers of guns that bristled along the sides of the enemy ; “ a three-decker ! Jack Manly would show his stern to such a fellow ! And even the bloody Scotchman would run ! ”

“ Hard up with your helm, quartermaster ! ” cried Captain Munson ; “ there is indeed no time to hesitate with such an enemy within a quarter of a mile. Turn the hands up, Mr. Griffith, and pack on the ship from her trucks to her lower studding-sail booms. Be stirring, sir, be stirring ! ”

“ The fog rises,” cried Griffith ; “ give us but the wind for an hour, and we shall run her out of gunshot.”

“ These nineties are very fast off the wind,” returned the captain, in a low tone that was intended only for the ears of his first lieutenant and the pilot, “ and we shall have a struggle for it.”

The quick eye of the stranger was glancing over the movements of his enemy, while he answered :

“ He finds we have the heels of him already ; he is making ready, and we shall be fortunate to escape a broadside. Let her yaw a little, Mr. Griffith ; touch her lightly with the helm. If we are raked, sir, we are lost.”

The captain sprang on the taffrail of his ship with the activity of a younger man, and in an instant he perceived the truth of the other's conjecture.

Both vessels now ran for a few minutes, keenly watching each other's motions like two skilful combatants; the English ship making slight deviations from the line of her course, and then, as her movements were anticipated by the other, turning as cautiously in the opposite direction, until a sudden and wide sweep of her huge bows told the Americans plainly on which tack to expect her.

Both vessels whirled swiftly up to the wind, with their heads toward the land; and as the huge black side of the three-decker, checkered with its triple batteries, frowned full upon her foe, it belched forth a flood of fire and smoke, accompanied by a bellowing roar that mocked the surly moanings of the sleeping ocean.

But the voice of Captain Munson was heard in the din, shouting, while he waved his hat earnestly in the required direction:

“Meet her! meet her with the helm, boy! meet her, Mr. Griffith, meet her!”

Griffith had so far anticipated this movement, as to have already ordered the head of the frigate to be turned in its former course, when, struck by the unearthly cry of the last tones uttered by his commander, he bent his head, and beheld the venerable seaman driven through the air, his hat still waving, his gray hair floating in the wind, and his eyes set in the wild look of death.

“He has been struck by a shot!” exclaimed the young man, rushing to the side of the ship, where he was just in time to see the lifeless body disappear in the waters that were dyed with blood. “Lower away the boat, lower away the jolly-boat, the barge, the tiger, the——”

“’Tis useless,” interrupted the calm, deep voice of the pilot; “he has met a warrior's end, and he sleeps in a sailor's grave.”

The ship is getting before the wind again, and the enemy is keeping his vessel away."

The youthful lieutenant was recalled by these words to his duty, and reluctantly turned his eyes away from the bloody spot on the waters, which the busy frigate had already passed, to resume the command of the vessel with a forced composure. He had not yet brought his mind to the calmness that was so essential to discharge the duties which had thus suddenly and awfully devolved on him, when his elbow was lightly touched by the pilot, who had drawn closer to his side.

"The enemy appear satisfied with the experiment," said the stranger; "and as we work the quicker of the two, he loses too much ground to repeat it, if he be a true seaman."

"And yet as he finds we leave him so fast," returned Griffith, "he must see that all his hopes rest in cutting us up aloft. I dread that he will come by the wind again, and lay us under his broadside; we should need a quarter of an hour to run without his range, if he were anchored!"

"He plays a surer game—see you not the vessel we made in the eastern board shows the hull of a frigate? 'Tis past a doubt that they are of the same squadron, and that the expresses have sent them in our wake. The English admiral has spread a broad clew, Mr. Griffith; and, as he gathers in his ships, he sees that his game has been successful."

The faculties of Griffith had been too much occupied with the hurry of the chase to look at the ocean; but startled at the information of the pilot, who spoke coolly, though like a man sensible to danger, he took the glass from the other, and with his own eye examined the different vessels in sight. It is certain that the experienced officer, whose flag was flying above the light sails of the three-decker, saw the critical situation of the chase, and reasoned much in the same manner as the pilot, or the fearful expedient apprehended by Griffith would have been adopted. To the west lay the land; to the east, bearing off the starboard bow of the American frigate,

was the vessel first seen, and which now began to exhibit the hostile appearance of a ship-of-war, steering in a line converging toward themselves, and rapidly drawing nigher; while far in the northeast was a vessel as yet faintly discerned, whose evolutions could not be mistaken by one who understood the movements of nautical warfare.

“We are hemmed in effectually,” said Griffith, dropping the glass from his eye; “and I know not but our best course would be to haul in to the land, and, cutting everything light adrift, endeavor to pass the broadside of the flag-ship.”

“Provided she left a rag of canvas to do it with!” returned the pilot. “Sir, ’tis an idle hope! She would strip your ship, in ten minutes, to her plank-sheers. Had it not been for a lucky wave on which so many of her shot struck and glanced upward, we should have nothing to boast of left from the fire she has already given. We must stand on, and drop the three-decker as far as possible.”

“But the frigates?” said Griffith; “what are we to do with the frigates?”

“Fight them!” returned the pilot, in a low, determined voice; “fight them! Young man, I have borne the stars and stripes aloft in greater straits than this, and even with honor. Think not that my fortune will desert me now.”

“We shall have an hour of desperate battle.”

“On that we may calculate; but I have lived through whole days of bloodshed. You seem not one to quail at the sight of an enemy.”

“Let me proclaim your name to the men,” said Griffith; “’twill quicken their blood, and at such a moment be a host in itself.”

“They want it not,” returned the pilot, checking the hasty zeal of the other with his hand. “I would be unnoticed, unless I am known as becomes me. I will share your danger, but would not rob you of a tittle of your glory. Should we come to a grapple,” he continued, while a smile of conscious

pride gleamed across his face, "I will give forth the word as a war cry; and, believe me, these English will quail before it."

Griffith submitted to the stranger's will; and, after they had deliberated further on the nature of their evolutions, he gave his attention again to the management of the vessel.

Notwithstanding the ship-of-the-line was slowly sinking beneath the distant waves, and in less than an hour from the time she had fired the broadside, no more than one of her three tiers of guns was visible from the deck of the frigate, she yet presented an irresistible obstacle against retreat to the south. On the other hand, the ship first seen drew so nigh as to render the glass no longer necessary in watching her movements. She proved to be a frigate, though one so materially lighter than the American as to have rendered her conquest easy, had not her two consorts continued to press on for the scene of battle with such rapidity.

"He is but a little fellow," said Griffith to the pilot, who hovered at his elbow with a sort of fatherly interest in the other's conduct of the battle, "though he carries a stout heart."

"We must crush him at a blow," returned the stranger; "not a shot must be delivered until our yards are locking."

"I see him training his twelves upon us already; we may soon expect his fire."

"After standing the brunt of a ninety-gun ship," observed the collected pilot, "we shall not shrink from the broadside of a two-and-thirty."

"Stand to your guns, men!" cried Griffith, through his trumpet; "not a shot is to be fired without the order."

This caution, so necessary to check the ardor of the seamen, was hardly uttered, before their enemy became wrapped in sheets of fire and volumes of smoke, as gun after gun hurled its iron missiles at their vessel in quick succession. Ten minutes passed, the two vessels sheering close to each other every foot they advanced, during which time the crew of the Amer-

ican were compelled by their commander to suffer the fire of their adversary without returning a shot.

“Let them have it!” cried Griffith, in a voice that was heard in the remotest parts of the ship.

The shout that burst from the seamen appeared to lift the decks of the vessel, and the affrighted frigate trembled like an aspen with the recoil of her own massive artillery, that shot forth a single sheet of flame, the sailors having disregarded, in their impatience, the usual order of firing. The effect of the broadside on the enemy was dreadful. During the few moments in which the Americans were again loading their cannon, and the English were recovering from their confusion, the vessel of the former moved slowly past her antagonist, and was already doubling across her bows, when the latter was suddenly, and, considering the inequality of their forces, it may be added desperately, headed into her enemy. The two frigates grappled. The sudden and furious charge made by the Englishman, as he threw his masses of daring seamen along his bowsprit, and out of his channels, had nearly taken Griffith by surprise; but Manual, who had delivered his first fire with the broadside, now did good service by ordering his men to beat back the intruders by a steady and continued discharge. Even the wary pilot lost sight of their other foes, in the high daring of the moment, and smiles of stern pleasure were exchanged between him and Griffith, as both comprehended at a glance their advantages.

“Lash his bowsprit to our mizzenmast,” shouted the lieutenant, “and we will sweep his decks as he lies.”

Twenty men sprang forward to execute the order, among the foremost of whom were Boltrope and the stranger.

“Ay, now he’s our own!” cried the busy master, “and we will take an owner’s liberties with him, and break him up.”

The sight of the Englishmen rushing onward with shouts and bitter menaces warmed the blood of Colonel Howard, who

pressed to the side of the frigate and encouraged his friends, by his gestures and voice, to come on.

“Away with ye, old croaker!” cried the master, seizing him by the collar; “away with ye to the hold, or I’ll order you fired from a gun!”

“Down with your arms, rebellious dog!” shouted the colonel, carried beyond himself by the ardor of the fray; “down to the dust, and implore the mercy of your injured prince!”

Invigorated by a momentary glow, the veteran grappled with his brawny antagonist; but the issue of the short struggle was yet suspended, when the English, driven back by the fire of the marines and the menacing front that Griffith with his boarders presented, retreated to the fore-castle of their own ship and attempted to return the deadly blows they were receiving in their hull from the cannon that Barnstable directed. A solitary gun was all they could bring to bear on the Americans; but this, loaded with canister, was fired so near, as to send its glaring flame into the very faces of their enemies. The struggling colonel, who was already sinking beneath the arm of his foe, felt the rough grasp loosen from his throat at the flash, and the two combatants sunk powerless on their knees facing each other.

“How now, brother!” exclaimed Boltrope, with a smile of grim fierceness; “some of that grist is gone to your mill, ha!”

No answer could, however, be given before the yielding forms of both fell to the deck, where they lay helpless, amid the din of the battle and the confusion of the eager combatants.

As Griffith’s stately vessel moved from the confusion she had caused, and left the dense cloud of smoke in which her helpless antagonist lay, the eye of the young man glanced anxiously toward the horizon, where he now remembered he had more foes to contend against.

“We have shaken off the two-and-thirty most happily,” he said to the pilot, who followed his motions with singular interest; “but here is another fellow sheering in for us, who

shows as many ports as ourselves, and who appears inclined for a close interview; besides, the hull of the ninety is rising again, and I fear she will be down but too soon."

"We must keep the use of our braces and sails," returned the pilot, "and on no account close with the other frigate; we must play another game, sir, and fight this new adversary with our heels as well as with our guns."

"'Tis time, then, that we were busy, for he is shortening sail; and, as he nears so fast, we may expect to hear from him every minute. What do you propose, sir?"

"Let him gather in his canvas," returned the pilot; "and when he thinks himself snug, we can throw out a hundred men at once upon our yards and spread everything alow and aloft: we may then draw ahead of him by surprise. If we can once get him in our wake, I have no fears of dropping them all."

"A stern chase is a long chase," cried Griffith, "and the thing may do. Clear up the decks, here, and carry down the wounded."

The ship which the American frigate had now to oppose was a vessel of near her own size and equipage, and when Griffith looked at her again he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and, by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant, the pilot, well understood that she only wanted to lessen her distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

"Now spread everything," whispered the stranger.

Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted in a voice that was carried even to the enemy: "Let fall, out with your booms—sheet home—hoist away of everything!"

The inspiring cry was answered by a universal bustle; fifty men flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts as if

some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside with an absorbing interest as the shot whistled above his head ; but when he perceived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes only that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure. At the next instant the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again placed the trumpet to his mouth and shouted aloud :

“ Give it to them ; drive them from their yards, boys ; scatter them with grape—unreeve their rigging ! ”

The crew of the American wanted but little encouragement to enter on this experiment with a hearty good-will, and the close of his cheering words was uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The pilot had mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe ; for, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

“ We find our equal here,” said Griffith to the stranger. “ The ninety is heaving up again like a mountain, and, if we continue to shorten sail at this rate, she will soon be down upon us.”

“ You say true, sir,” returned the pilot, musing ; “ the man shows judgment as well as spirit ; but——”

He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit, and the importance of his intelligence :

“ The breakers ! ” he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din ; “ we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead.”

The pilot jumped on a gun, and, bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those clear, piercing tones that could be heard among the roar of the cannon : “ Port, port your helm ! We are in the Devil’s Grip ! Pass up the

trumpet, sir. Port your helm, fellow ! Give it them, boys—give it to the proud English dogs !”

Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the pilot, and gathering assurance from the high confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. For ten breathless minutes longer the pilot continued to hold an uninterrupted sway, during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep water, when he threw down his trumpet and exclaimed :

“ What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation. Keep yonder hill crowned with wood, one point open from the church-tower at its base, and steer east by north ; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their trail.”

The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight ; and, by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land, Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase and battle, and ready to meet another foe. At this period he was summoned to the cabin at the request of the ship’s chaplain. Delivering the charge of the frigate to Barnstable, who had been his active assistant no less in their subsequent labors than in the combat, he hastily divested himself of the vestiges of the fight and proceeded to obey the repeated and earnest call.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN SAFETY.

GRIFFITH had not lost sight of Cecilia and her cousin during the occurrences of that eventful day ; on the contrary, the

instant that the crew were called from their guns he had issued an order to replace the bulkheads of the cabin and to arrange its furniture for their accommodation, though the higher and imperious duties of his station had precluded his attending to their comfort in person. He expected, therefore, to find the order of the room restored, but he was by no means prepared to encounter the scene he was now to witness.

Between two sullen cannon, which gave such an air of singular wildness to the real comfort of the cabin, was placed a large couch, on which the colonel was lying, evidently near his end. Cecilia was weeping by his side, her dark ringlets falling in unheeded confusion around her pale features, and sweeping in their rich exuberance the deck on which she kneeled. Katherine leaned tenderly over the form of the dying veteran, while her dark, tearful eyes seemed to express self-accusation blended with deep commiseration.¹

Barnstable, who had also been summoned, appeared before his friend deemed it discreet to disturb the reflections of the veteran by addressing him. When the entrance of the young sailor was announced, the colonel roused himself and addressed his wondering listeners.

“Here, then, gentlemen, you both obtain the reward of your attentions. Let the reverend divine hear you pronounce the marriage vows while I have strength to listen, that I may be a witness against ye in heaven should ye forget their tenor.”

“Not now, not now,” murmured Cecilia; “oh, ask it not now, my uncle!”

“If it has pleased God to remove your guardian,” said the colonel, “let his place be supplied by those he wills to succeed him.”

Cecilia no longer hesitated, but arose slowly from her knees, and offered her hand to Griffith with an air of forced resignation. Katherine submitted to be led by Barnstable to her

¹ sorrow for the distresses of another.

side ; and the chaplain, in obedience to an expressive signal from the eye of Griffith, opened the Prayer Book, and commenced reading in trembling tones the marriage service. When the benediction was pronounced, the head of Cecilia dropped on the shoulder of her husband, where she wept violently for a moment, and then, resuming her place at the couch, she once more knelt at the side of her uncle. Katherine received the warm kiss of Barnstable passively, and returned to the spot whence she had been led.

Colonel Howard succeeded in raising his person to witness the ceremony, and had answered to each prayer with a fervent "Amen." He fell back with the last words, and a look of satisfaction shone in his aged and pallid features, that declared the interest he had taken in the scene.

"I thank you, my children," he at length uttered ; "I thank you, for I know how much you have sacrificed to my wishes. Young gentlemen, I have given you all that a fond old man had to bestow—deal tenderly with them—we have not properly understood each other—I had mistaken both you and Mr. Christopher Dillon, I believe ; perhaps I may have also mistaken my duty to America—but I was too old to change my politics or my religion—I—I—I loved the king—God bless him !"

His words became fainter and fainter as he proceeded, and the breath deserted his body with a benediction on his lips.

The body was instantly borne into a state-room by the attendants, and Griffith and Barnstable supported their brides into the after-cabin, where they left them seated on the sofa that lined the stern of the ship, weeping bitterly in each other's arms.

The *Alacrity* had been unnoticed during the arduous chase of the frigate, and, favored by daylight and her light draught of water, she had easily effected her escape also among the mazes of the shoals. She was called down to her consort by signal, and received the necessary instructions how to steer

during the approaching night. The British ships were now only to be faintly discovered, like small white specks on the dark sea ; and, as it was known that a broad barrier of shallow water lay between them, the Americans no longer regarded their presence as at all dangerous.

When the necessary orders had been given, and the vessels were duly prepared, they were once more brought up to the wind, and their heads pointed in the direction of the coast of Holland. All night the frigate continued to dash through the seas with a sort of sullen silence that was soothing to the melancholy of Cecilia and Katherine, neither of whom closed an eye during that gloomy period. In addition to the scene they had witnessed, their feelings were harrowed by the knowledge that, in conformity to the necessary plans of Griffith, and in compliance with the new duties he had assumed, they were to separate in the morning for an indefinite period, and possibly forever.

With the appearance of light, the boatswain sent his rough summons through the vessel, and the crew were collected in solemn silence in her gangways to "bury the dead." The bodies of Boltrope, of one or two of her inferior officers, and of several common men who had died of their wounds in the night, were, with the usual formalities, committed to the deep.

When the sun had gained the meridian, the body of Colonel Howard was transferred to the *Alacrity*, whither it was followed by Griffith and his cheerless bride, while Katherine hung fondly from a window of the ship, suffering her own scalding tears to mingle with the brine of the ocean. After everything was arranged, Griffith waved his hand to Barnstable, who had succeeded to the command of the frigate, and the yards of the latter were braced sharp to the wind, when she proceeded to the dangerous experiment of forcing her way to the shore of America by attempting the pass of the Straits of Dover, and running the gauntlet through the English ships that crowded their own Channel.

In the meantime the *Alacrity* drew in swiftly toward the shores of Holland. A small light boat was lowered into the sea, when the young sailor and the pilot, who had found his way into the cutter unheeded, and almost unseen, ascended from the small cabin together. The stranger glanced his eyes along the range of coast, as if he would ascertain the exact position of the vessel, and then turned them on the sea and the western horizon to scan the weather. Finding nothing in the appearance of the latter to induce him to change his determination, he offered his hand to Griffith, and said :

“ Here we part. As our acquaintance has not led to all we wished, let it be your task, sir, to forget we ever met.”

Griffith bowed respectfully, but in silence.

Without heeding the wondering crew, who were collected as curious spectators of his departure, the stranger bowed hastily to Griffith, and, springing into the boat, he spread her light sails with the readiness of one who had nothing to learn even in the smallest matters of his daring profession.

Many wild and extraordinary conjectures¹ were uttered among the crew of the cutter, as she slowly drew in toward her friendly haven, on the appearance of the mysterious pilot during their last hazardous visit to the coast of Britain, and on his still more extraordinary disappearance, as it were, amid the waves of the North Sea.

As we are not disposed to part so coldly from those with whom we have long held amicable intercourse, we shall therefore proceed to state briefly the outlines of that which befell them in after-life.

Following the course of the frigate, then, toward those shores from which, perhaps, we should never have suffered our truant pen to have wandered, we shall commence the brief task with Barnstable, and his laughing, weeping, gay, but affectionate bride—the black-eyed Katherine. The ship fought her way gallantly through the swarms of the enemy’s cruisers,

¹ guesses.

to the port of Boston, where Barnstable was rewarded for his services by promotion, and a more regular authority to command his vessel.

The boy Merry proved to be in his meridian what his youth had so strongly indicated, a fearless, active, and reckless sailor, and his years might have extended to this hour had he not fallen untimely in a duel with a foreign officer.

The first act of Captain Manual, after landing once more on his native soil, was to make interest to be again restored to the line of the army. He encountered but little difficulty in this attempt, and was soon in possession of the complete enjoyment of that which his soul had so long pined for, "a steady drill."

He was in time to share the splendid successes which terminated the war, and also to participate in his due proportion of the misery of the army. His merits were not forgotten, however, in the reorganization of the forces, and he followed both St. Clair and his more fortunate successor, Wayne, in the Western campaigns.¹

Griffith and his mourning bride conveyed the body of Colonel Howard in safety to one of the principal towns in Holland, where it was respectfully and sorrowfully interred, after which the young man removed to Paris with a view to erasing the sad images which the hurried and melancholy events of the few preceding days had left on the mind of his lovely companion. From this place Cecilia held communion, by letter, with her friend Alice Dunscombe; and such suitable provision was made in the affairs of her late uncle as the times would permit.

It might have been some twelve years after the short cruise which it has been our task to record in this volume, that Griffith, who was running his eyes carelessly over a file of newspapers, was observed by his wife to drop the bundle from before his face, and pass his hand slowly across his brow, like a man

¹ 1791, in Ohio, against the Miami Indians.

who had been suddenly struck with renewed impressions of some former event, or who was endeavoring to recall to his mind images that had long since faded.

“ See you anything in that paper to disturb you, Griffith ? ” said the still lovely Cecilia.

“ Cecilia, do you remember the man who accompanied Manual and myself to St. Ruth the night we became your uncle’s prisoners, and who afterward led the party which liberated us and rescued Barnstable ? ”

“ Surely I do ; he was the pilot of your ship, it was then said ; and I remember the shrewd soldier we entertained even suspected that he was one greater than he seemed. ”

“ The soldier surmised the truth. But you saw him not on that fearful night when he carried us through the shoals ; and you could not witness the calm courage with which he guided the ship into those very channels again, while the confusion of battle was among us. ”

“ I heard the dreadful din, and I can easily imagine the horrid scene, ” returned his wife, her recollections chasing the color from her cheeks.

“ This man is now dead, ” said Griffith.

“ Can there have been any connection between him and Alice Dunscombe ? ” said Cecilia, in a thoughtful manner. “ She met him alone, at her own request, the night Katherine and myself saw you in your confinement. The letter I received yesterday from Alice was sealed with black, and I was pained with the melancholy though gentle manner in which she wrote of passing from this world into another. ”

“ Cecilia, your conjecture is surely true. Fifty things rush to my mind at that one surmise—his acquaintance with that particular spot, his early life, his expedition, his knowledge of the abbey, all confirm it. He, altogether, was indeed a man of marked character. ”

“ Why has he not been among us ? ” asked Cecilia ; “ he appeared devoted to our cause. ”

“ His devotion to America proceeded from desire of distinction, his ruling passion, and perhaps a little also from resentment at some injustice which he claimed to have suffered from his own countrymen. He was a man, and not, therefore, without foibles ;¹ but they were most daring, and deserving of praise. Neither did he at all merit the obloquy² that he received from his enemies. He is now dead ; but had he lived in times and under circumstances when his consummate knowledge of his profession, his cool, deliberate, and even desperate courage, could have been exercised in a regular and well-supported navy, and had the habits of his youth better qualified him to have borne meekly the honors he acquired in his age, he would have left behind him no name in its list that would have descended to the latest posterity of his adopted countrymen with greater renown.”

“ Why, Griffith,” exclaimed Cecilia, in a little surprise, “ you are zealous in his cause ! Who is he ? ”

“ A man who held a promise of secrecy while living, which is not at all released by his death. It is enough to know that he was greatly instrumental in procuring our sudden union, and that our happiness might have been wrecked in the voyage of life had we not met the unknown pilot of the German Ocean.”

¹ weaknesses, failings.

² reproach.

A GLOSSARY OF NAUTICAL TERMS.

aback,	backward against the mast.
bend,	to fasten.
best bower,	heaviest anchor.
binnacle,	a box containing the compass of a ship, and a light to show it by night.
bite, also bight,	a bend in the seacoast forming a bay.
boarders,	officers and men detailed to attack an enemy by boarding.
boatswain,	a subordinate officer who has charge of the boats, etc.
bolt-ropes,	ropes to which the edges of the sails are sewed to strengthen them.
booms,	long poles used to extend the bottom of sails.
bulkhead,	a partition in a ship to form separate apartments.
cabin's hood,	a covering over entrance to cabin.
canister,	a collection of small projectiles, put in cases, to be discharged from cannon.
capstan,	a revolving column used for heaving cables, etc.
chains,	strong bars of iron, bolted at the lower end to the ship's side, and at the upper end secured to the iron straps of the wooden blocks, by which the shrouds supporting the masts are extended.
clew up,	to draw up to the yard by means of the rigging used for furling.
cockswain,	the person who steers or pulls the after oar in a boat.
courses,	the principal sails of a ship.
cutlass,	a curved, basket-hilted sword of strong and simple make.
cut-water,	the projecting part of a ship's prow that cuts the water.
forecastle,	that part of the ship forward of the fore-rigging, where the sailors live.
fore-reaches,	shoots ahead in coming about.
frigate,	a vessel larger than a sloop and smaller than a ship-of-the-line.

gasket,	a flat cord fastened to the sail.
ground tackle,	a general term used for the anchors, cables, etc.
gun-deck,	deck where the battery is carried.
half-hitches,	a knot or noose in a rope for fastening it to a ring, etc.
hove to,	to wait or linger.
jolly-boat,	a small boat, about four feet wide and twelve feet long, usually hoisted at the stern of a vessel.
kedge,	to move by being pulled along with the aid of an anchor.
kentledge,	pigs of iron for ballast, laid on the bottom of the ship.
larboard,	the left-hand side of a ship looking toward the bow ; opposite the starboard.
lee,	the side opposite to that against which the wind blows.
legs,	distance a vessel sails in tacking before changing her direction.
log,	an apparatus for measuring the rate of a ship's motion through the water ; also the daily record of a ship's progress.
luff,	to turn the head of a ship toward the wind.
marline,	a small line of two strands, a little twisted.
messmates,	those eating at the same table.
midshipman,	a naval cadet who transmits orders of superior officers.
offing,	that part of the sea where there is deep water and a good distance from shore.
pike,	a sharp-pointed weapon consisting of a long shaft or handle with an iron head.
plank-sheer,	a timber carried around the ship which covers and secures the timber-heads.
port,	left side (larboard), opposite to starboard.
quartermaster,	a petty officer attending helm, signals, etc.
reef,	to reduce the extent of sail.
reef-point,	a short piece of rope fastened in the middle in each eyelet-hole of a reef-band to secure the sail in reefing.
royal,	a small sail above the topgallant-sail.
scaling of guns,	adjusting the sights to the guns.
schooner,	a fore-and-aft rigged vessel with two masts.
sea-dog,	a sailor who has been long afloat.
sennit,	a braided cord.
sheer to port,	to go toward the port side.

- sheet, a rope fastened to one or both of the lower corners of a sail.
- ship-of-the-line, a ship large enough to take a place in a line of battle ; battle-ship.
- shore-draft, persons drawn to go on shore-duty.
- shrouds, a set of ropes reaching from the masthead to the sides of the vessel.
- stays, a strong rope supporting a mast.
- stern-sheets, part of a boat between the stern and aftmost seat of the rowers.
- studding-sails, light sails set outside of a principal sail in full winds to increase speed.
- sweeps, a large oar used in small vessels in a calm to propel the craft.
- taffrail, the rail around a ship's stern.
- trip the anchor, to loose from the bottom.
- undertow, a current of water below the surface moving in a direction different from the surface current.
- unreeve, to take a rope out of a block.
- wales, strong planks extending throughout the entire length of a ship's sides.
- whale-boat, a long, narrow boat, sharp at both ends, and fitted for steering with an oar as well as a rudder.
- yard, a long, slender piece of timber suspended upon the mast, by which a sail is extended.
- yaw, steer wild out of the true course.

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